FESTIVAL FORECAST–EUROPE 1954 · · · MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

Saturday Review

MARCH 13, 1954 / 20¢

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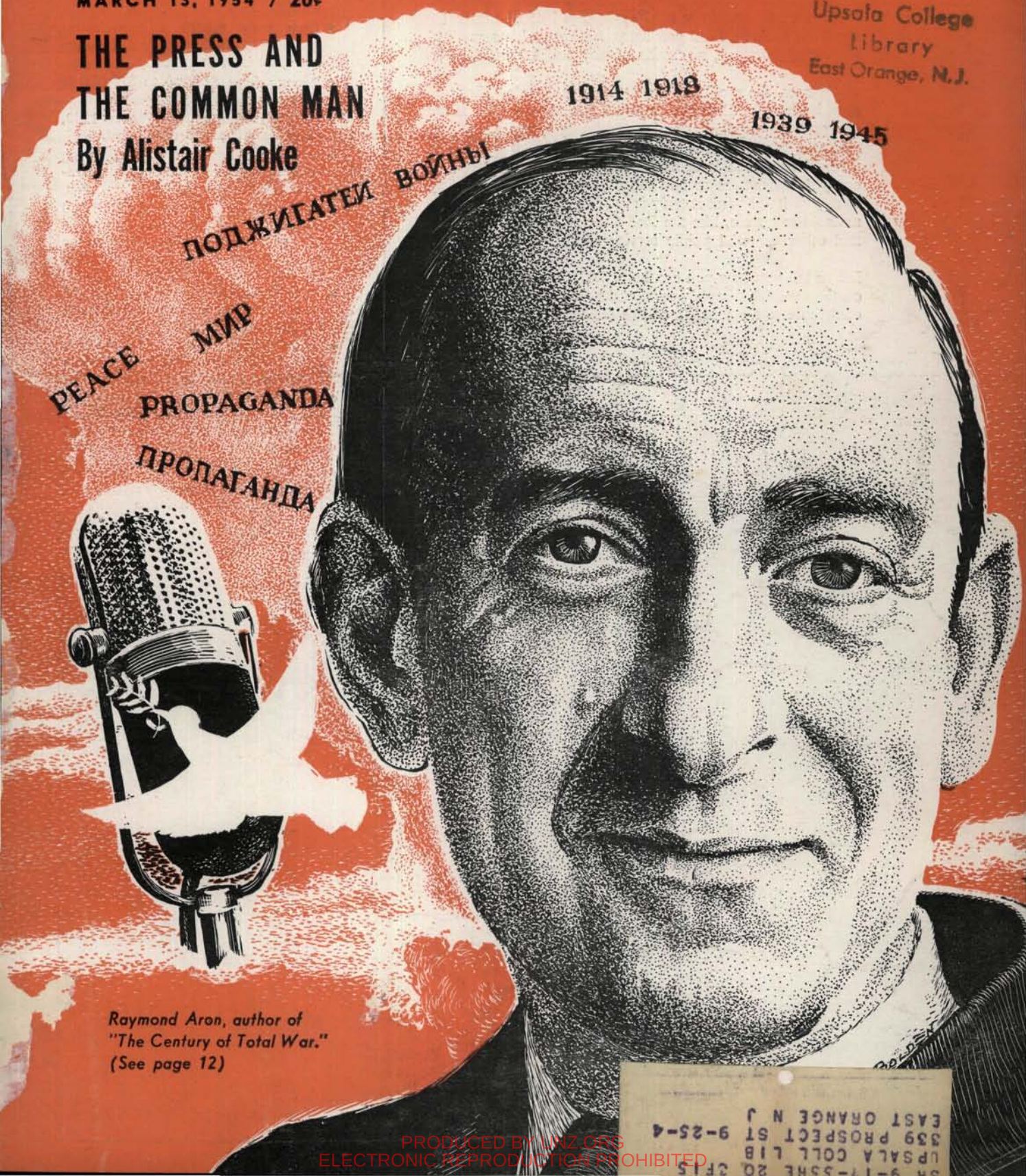
THE PRESS AND THE COMMON MAN

By Alistair Cooke



Raymond Aron, author of "The Century of Total War."
(See page 12)

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What do you think of when you hear the word *medical?* . . . Your family doctor? Your local hospital? Miracles of modern surgery? The impressive procession of new life-saving drugs?

Whatever comes to mind, remember this: no matter how specialized the various branches of medicine may be, they must all depend on one single source of manpower—America's compact network of 79 medical schools.

These schools constitute the fountainhead of all medical services. Without their graduates, no hospital, no medical research laboratory, no health agency could function.

Right now, the medical schools need your help. They need it urgently. They need it to provide enough doctors for our growing population and our military services, to maintain our unparalleled medical progress. Because medical education is of such vital importance to every American, more and more businessmen are coming to regard it for what it truly is . . . one of our great national resources, like the Red Cross, Community Chest and other essential public service agencies.

Let us tell you how you can help. Write for more details on the medical schools' needs, and how your firm can contribute to the solution of this serious national problem.

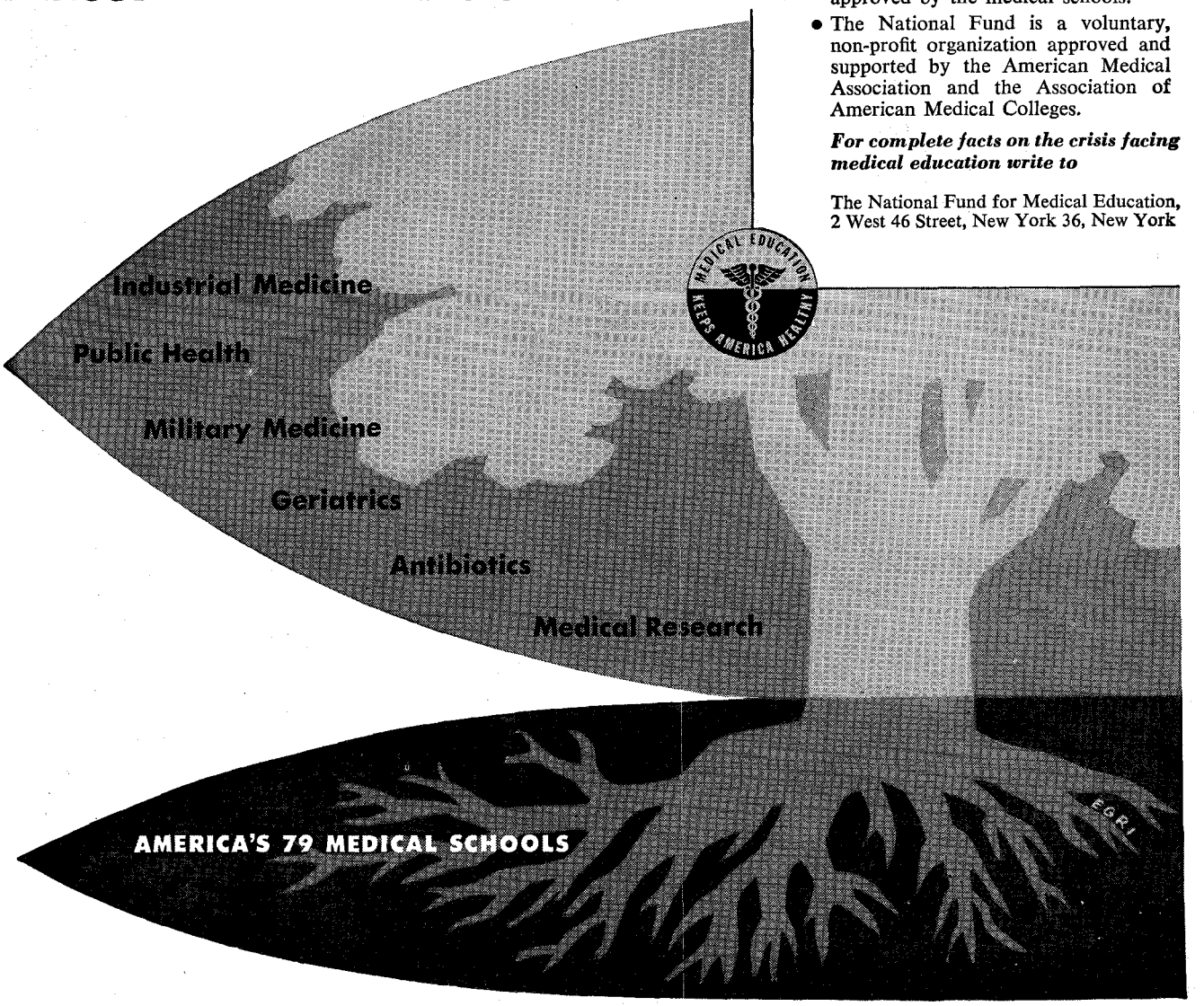
FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT MEDICAL EDUCATION

- There are only 79 accredited medical schools in the United States.
- They train 82,000 undergraduates, specialists and technicians and graduate 6,500 doctors annually.
- It costs from $10,000 to $12,000 to train a doctor today.
- Tuition fees, raised 84% over 1940, cover less than 20% of the cost.
- In the past decade medical teaching budgets have risen 143%; administration and plant operation 150%.
- The medical schools need $10,000,000 annually in additional income to maintain present standards and train the necessary number of doctors required for America's growing population.
- *ALL* 79 medical schools can be aided by a *single* gift to the National Fund for Medical Education.
- Contributions are distributed through annual grants according to a schedule approved by the medical schools.
- The National Fund is a voluntary, non-profit organization approved and supported by the American Medical Association and the Association of American Medical Colleges.

For complete facts on the crisis facing medical education write to

The National Fund for Medical Education,
2 West 46 Street, New York 36, New York

without the roots there can be no tree



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SR's Library Poll

SINCE "Not As a Stranger" has displaced the apparently indestructible "Lélia" at the head of our poll for some weeks now, it is time to mention that medicos, medicines, and medical affairs are one of the universal constants of the publishing business. (There are authors —like Elizabeth Seifert—who devote their whole outputs to this subject.) Currently both "Not As a Stranger" and "The Doctors" have won secure places in *SR*'s listing.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

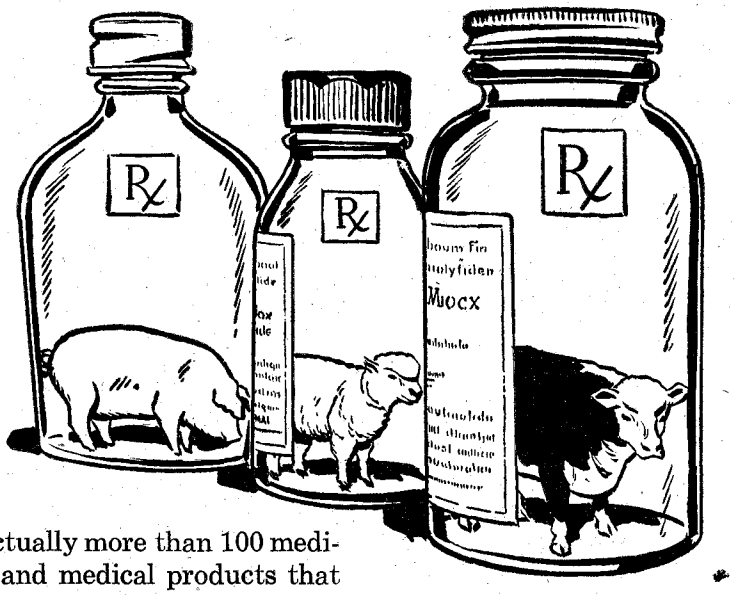
1. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F) *
2. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G) **
3. **Lélia**
   by André Maurois (G)
4. **Lord Vanity**
   by Samuel Shellabarger (F)
5. **Life Is Worth Living**
   by Fulton J. Sheen (G)
6. **Sayonara**
   by James A. Michener (F)
7. **Tomorrow!**
   by Philip Wylie (F)
8. **The Doctors**
   by André Soubiran (F)
9. **Beyond This Place**
   by A. J. Cronin (F)
10. **The Conquest of Everest**
    by John Hunt (G)
11. **The Second Tree from the Corner**
    by E. B. White (G)
12. **Too Late the Phalarope**
    by Alan Paton (F)
13. **Time and Time Again**
    by James Hilton (F)
14. **Ambassador's Report**
    by Chester Bowles (G)
15. **Battle Cry**
    by Leon Uris (F)
16. **The Caine Mutiny**
    by Herman Wouk (F)
17. **The Secret Diary**
    of Harold L. Ickes (G)
18. **Flying Saucers from Outer Space**
    by D. E. Keyhoe (G)
19. **The Age of the Moguls**
    by Stewart Holbrook (G)
20. **The Voices of Silence**
    by André Malraux (G)

PARTICIPATING PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Atlanta (Ga.), Birmingham (Ala.), Boston (Mass.), Buffalo (N.Y.), Chicago (Ill.), Cleveland (Ohio), Des Moines (Ia.), Los Angeles (Calif.), Louisville (Ky.), Milwaukee (Wis.), New York (N.Y.), Omaha (Neb.), Philadelphia (Pa.), Pittsburgh (Pa.), Richmond (Va.), St. Louis (Mo.), Salt Lake City (Utah), Washington (D.C.).

* (F)—Fiction
** (G)—General

How many medicines in your doctor's kit come from a *Meat Packing Plant?*



Actually more than 100 medicines, and medical products that your doctor regularly uses in the practice of his profession *get their start* in a meat packing plant.

Among them are ACTH and cortisone for the treatment of arthritis, asthma, rheumatic fever, and other ailments, epinephrine for allergies and certain emergency heart conditions.

Other products include surgical sutures and fibrin foam which control bleeding to make surgery safer.

Many, like insulin for the control of diabetes, can be obtained from *no other source.*

To make these medical products available to your doctor the meat packing companies developed new facilities for saving or processing glands of meat animals, and in "partnership" with the medical profession, promote research for still more life-saving, health restoring medicines.

Perhaps you'd never thought of it before, but doesn't this important service make the meat packer a sort of right-hand-man to your own family doctor?

Did you know

. . . that it takes the pancreas glands from *1,500 cattle* or *7,500 hogs* to make a single ounce of crystallin insulin . . . that there are more than *4,000 individual companies* in the meat packing industry . . . that recovering *everything of value* (as glands for medicines) helps this service industry bring you meat at a *lower service cost* from farm to table than almost any other food?

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One of the standard literary jokes is the one about the man who, after reading the new phone book, issued the following review: "A tiresome plot, but what a cast of characters!" I'm not much of a phone book reader (after I've looked up my own name) but I do enjoy a good dictionary now and then.

¶ We keep adding new words to our "Thorndike-Barnhart Comprehensive Desk Dictionary," which is one of the reasons I like to read it. Each year it becomes even more comprehensive and more useful, if perhaps a little heavier. But then, as the lady said, "Don't we all?"

¶ Some of the additions to the 1954 edition of the Thorndike-Barnhart are words like *after burner, Hammarskjöld,* and *jato.* We have added *Malenkov,* although we haven't done away with *Beria,* and you'll pardon me for saying that even though we've taken on *Cinemascope* and installed *3-D,* it's pretty much the same old *movie.*

¶ We've found a place for *egg-heads,* which could make some people unhappy. There are some rather sensational words in here, too, even some that could titillate a would-be titillator. Fortunately, there are also excellent words, like *glory* and *freedom,* so perhaps we'll squeeze by.

¶ Our Thorndike-Barnhart is a good dictionary, designed to help when you want a concise definition and you want it quickly. It's the book for you if you've become caught up in that communicable disease known as Scrabble.

¶ The TBCDD is inexpensive, too, and I hope that if the March selection from the Phone Book of the Month Club is late, that you'll try our dictionary. (dik' shən • er' i), *n., pl.* — ar • ies.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The "Thorndike-Barnhart Comprehensive Desk Dictionary" is published by Doubleday and Co., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. The standard edition is $2.95; the thumb-indexed $3.50; and the de luxe edition is $3.95. All editions are available through your bookseller.

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The Saturday Review

MARCH 13, 1954

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TRADE Winds

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This week's guest column is by Aaron Sussman, who has known the ins and outs of the publishing business from the days when he did editorial and promotional chores for G. P. Putnam's and Horace Liveright to his present labors as president of Sussman & Sugar, an advertising agency specializing in publishers' advertising. He is the author of "The Amateur Photographer's Handbook."*

GORDON WILDWORD SAT in his tiny office overlooking Bryant Park and exhaled. He blew a long, slow breath that tickled his nose as he emptied his lungs. God, he was tired . . . *but happy!* He smiled at the tag line which echoed in his mind. His boss, Anthony Bump, the midtown publisher, was off on another vacation. Tony had once again routed himself, after a few stopovers at fan clubs, to La Questa, that diamond-studded hideaway out West to which tycoons of the seven arts escape.

Why, Gordon wondered, as he stared at the galleys piled up on his desk, do they all rush to California at the same time if they're trying to get away from it all and from each other? He shook his head as he pulled thoughtfully at his right ear lobe. Some people, he decided, take too seriously the notion that one is never so much alone as in a crowd.

Gordon had the guilty feeling that he enjoyed Tony's vacations almost as much as his boss did. What a relief not to find yourself jumping out of your chair every time the phone rings. Those telephone inquisitions!

"Gordon, this is Tony. I've just seen the April issue of the *Alltoo Monthly*. How did it happen?"

"How did *what* happen, Tony? I haven't seen the issue yet."

"Our ad, you idiot . . . our beautiful, full-page ad on 'Thunderclap.' Wasted!"

"But, Tony, you knew it was running. You were the one who ordered it. You liked it in proof. What's wrong?"

"Just let me read you the first few lines of the review that faces our ad. Listen to this: 'Not since Alexander Woollcott confessed that he had seen a play under adverse circumstances, because the curtain was up, have I been so tempted to plagiarize. Last night I read a novel called 'Thunderclap' under equally unfortunate conditions; it was in print. A dreadful experience . . .' Well, what do you think of *that*, you tin-plated promotion genius?"

"But, Tony, after all—how in the name of . . ."

"That's typical, Gordon. Typical. Any moment you'll be telling me it's *my* fault! Okay, okay. Just drop it."

"But, Tony, for heaven's sake . . ."

MAXWELL BODENHEIM'S tragic and pointless death at the hands of a madman sent me back to some letters of his which I had unaccountably saved. One, dated June 14, 1928, said in part: "How is the novel going? I suppose I seem to be a megalomaniac on the subject of 'Georgie May,' but I'm a hideously poor man, and if the novel doesn't go over I don't know how I'll be able to meet the material scarecrows in my life. Forgive all my insistences . . . the provincial, raucous, perspiring desperado which is Chicago, amuses and bores me at the same time. This paradox is often the best one can hope for . . . I envy your secure, relatively tranquil office-desk!" On June 20 he added: "If I cannot secure material ease and a decent sale in connection with my novels, I might as well throw in the sponge. I have stopped work on my sixth novel and I am in a hopeless mood." In 1929, smarting from a "venomous" review of "Sixty Seconds" that had appeared in the *New York Evening Post*, he wrote: "I am enjoying Paris but I may return to America about June the First. Perhaps I am getting middle-aged and the adventurous spirit no longer seethes in my blood. I hope, of course, that you are well, happy, and properly balanced between resignation and impertinence."

DO YOU RECALL when you were young, how you could make even the simplest word look queer just by staring at it long enough? Well, for days, I've

been doing the same thing with the words on a subway car card that advertises cough drops. The caption has begun to bother me the way a sum-

NOTES *from* CALIFORNIA

There was a time, not too long ago, when we sat in an air-raid wardens' post in London waiting for the evening's unpleasantness to begin. Our head was filled with the latest information about the nasty objects the enemy had dreamed up to drop on our head. We hoped we would remember what to do about them. In the meantime we talked with our fellow wardens of various things—mainly the future of the world in rather high-flown terms.

In looking over some of our new titles, we are reminded of the subjects discussed during those long nights. **World Trade Policies,** by Henry Chalmers ($7.50), presents a succession of annual surveys of the outstanding developments in commercial policy since the close of World War I. The broad shifts are discussed as well as the specific highlights in the commercial policies of the various countries across the years, under the changing pressures in world affairs. The long perspective of commercial policy over the past generation provides a basis for dealing with the difficult problems in today's international trade relations.

Problems of Stability and Progress in International Relations, by Quincy Wright ($5.00), discusses war, human rights, the United Nations, and the atom bomb. The author examines the influence of politics, law, science, technology, psychology, education, and organization in a realistic appraisal of the difficulties of a world situation in which total destruction is always a possibility.

These two books do not constitute light reading. But if the problems they discuss are understood, we may be nearer a solution of them, and people in this country will be spared sitting in air-raid wardens' posts waiting for nasty objects to be dropped on their heads.

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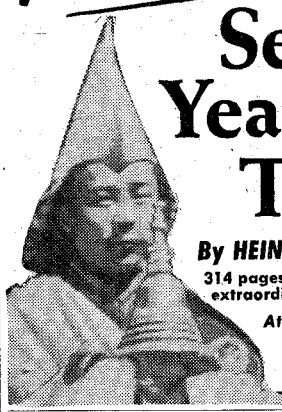

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mer fly bothers me. It says: "Don't cough till you're blue in the face."

WHILE RED-FACED OFFICIALS are trying to explain away the embarrassing fact that demand for a Government pamphlet on dishwashing has compelled another printing of 15,000, despite the President's campaign blast against it as a horrible example of boondoggling, the public is proving once again that it is smarter than any official. People have discovered that some dandy bargains in books and pamphlets are available from the Superintendent of Documents, in Washington, D. C., and they do not intend to be shaken off by a political growl.

The buoyant truth in this case is that the United States Government, using information researched by its vast network of bureaus, is doing the best darned publishing job in the world. There is almost no subject of possible interest to you which does not have a good book or pamphlet about it available from your Government Printing Office. Whether you want to go into business for yourself (there are thirty titles in this category alone, from "Establishing and Operating a Bookstore," which costs 15¢ postpaid, to "Establishing and Operating a Grocery Store," which costs $1.00, together with pamphlets on selecting a store location and dealing with your bank) or you just want to know how to keep your typewriter in good working order ("Typewriter Care," twenty pages, thirty-eight illustrations, 15¢), you'll find something.

A comforting thought: no matter what party is in power the Documents Office seems to be run with the same, smooth, imperturbable efficiency. About ten years ago I bought some training manuals on photography issued by the Navy. I've been on their general mailing list ever since, and have been getting announcements of new and old titles at least two or three times a month. As a result, I've bought hundreds of Government booklets at prices from 5¢ to $6.

SOMETIMES YOU CAN LEARN more about your fellow man than you have any right to know, merely by watching him in action. A card taped to one of the double doors of a Madison Avenue luncheonette said: "Other door, please." Almost everyone tried pushing that closed door first. Someone suggested shifting the sign to the other door, and making it read: "*This* door, please." Worked much better. Why? People don't read; they *look*. Like the psychoanalyst who told his friend, "Who listens?"

MOST STARTLING SENTENCE to pop out of a book this season: "There is no rea-

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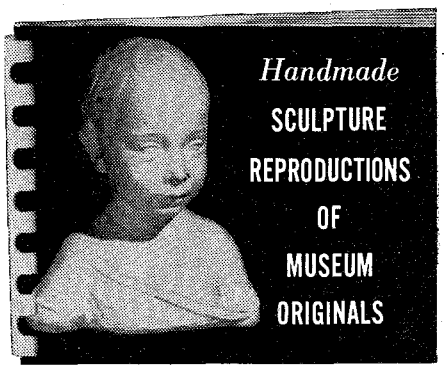

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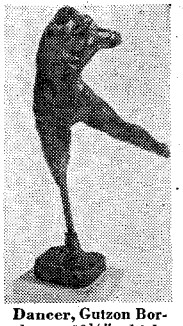
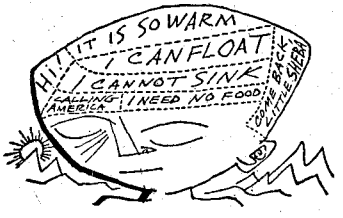

Dancer, Gutzon Borglum. 13½" high. Original in Corcoran Gallery of Art. $37.50. Mailing $3.00.

Mexican Figure, 15th Cent. 3" high. Original in American Museum of Natural History. $3.50. Mailing 50¢.

MUSEUM PIECES
114 East 32nd St., Dept. SR-5, N. Y. 16, N. Y.

son to believe that the newborn child of any people is incapable of learning the language and ways of behaving of any other people." To put it another way, the child of a savage can learn the intricate machinery of civilized life, and vice versa! You'll find this idea excitingly developed in Margaret Mead's introduction to "Primitive Heritage," an anthropological anthology which she has edited with Nicholas Calas. Such greats as Gide, Freud, Malinowski, Rousseau, Doughty, and many others all have their say in this unique treasury of man's past. It was quite a thrill for me to come on some quotations from Alexandra David-Neel's "Magic and Mystery in Tibet," which Claude Kendall and I first published here in 1932.

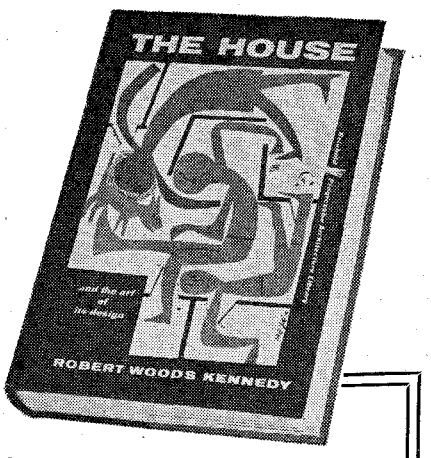
Lama David-Neel was the first and, I believe, the only woman ever to penetrate forbidden Tibet. What she told of Tibetan mystics made wonderful reading: how they learn to generate heat the way bees do in order



to live naked in zero weather; how they train to run incredible distances without food, drink, or rest; how they communicate by telepathy across vast areas; how they acquire the power to float in air, walk on water, revive the dead, create animate objects by *thinking* them into existence.

THE PRIZE SILLY STORY about a salesman's fluff used to be the one about the young man who spotted an order from a customer with the cautionary notation "No Bent Corners" and sent it back marked "Not our title." Nat Wartels has just come up with a true story that finally tops this. One of his own salesmen at Crown sent in an order for five copies of "The Handbook of Employee Seduction." Meant "Selection." Nat, who is an impatient student of Freud, threatens to fly out and investigate. Reminds me of the happily married, but childless, billing clerk who invoiced some advertising for the Ilka Chase bestseller as "In Bed We Try."

IF YOU'RE THE ANXIOUS FATHER of a young man about to start his career in the world, you can do no better with $3.50 than to buy him a copy of Martin Fischer's translation of "Gracian's Manual," published by Charles C. Thomas, 301 East Lawrence Ave., Springfield, Illinois. The full title of this famous Spanish classic of Padre Baltasar Gracian, first published in



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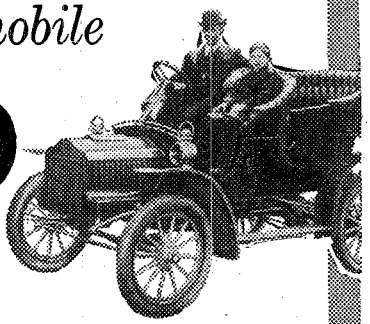

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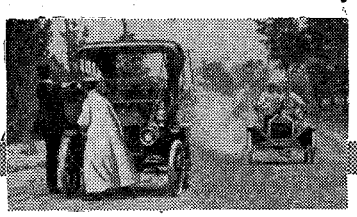

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1653, is "A Truthtelling Manual and the Art of Worldly Wisdom." It is one of the sanest and most practical handbooks you can put into the hands of your son. And if you don't want him to have an unfair advantage over you, read it yourself, first. The edition I bought recently is the third printing of the second revised edition, dated 1953. And, though not a line of advertising has appeared anywhere, 26,000 copies have already been sold. Altogether, there must be about a hundred translations of this work in various languages, including one by Schopenhauer. But this English version by Fischer, made directly from the original, is by far the best.

SEEING THE BOOK REVIEW in this morning's *Herald Tribune* buried on the obituary page again started me thinking of unread books; the great books no one reads any more. My favorite "unread" book is Bacon's "Advancement of Learning." There you will find reference to Themistocles, who, when asked to play a musical instrument, said: "I can not fiddle, but I can make a little village a great city." There, too, you will find a list of fifty-eight ideas for books "to be supplied by posterity," any one of which could make a writer rich and/or famous. Though this list of "books-to-do" first appeared in 1605, most of the works still go begging for authors. Here, to give you a sample, are three of Bacon's titles: 1. The History of Monsters; or irregular productions of nature, in all three kingdoms—vegetable, animal, and mineral. 2. The Doctrine of Gesture; or the motions of the body, with a view to their interpretation. 3. The Laudable Means of Procuring Easy Deaths.

UNLESS THEY QUIET DOWN, Barney and Loly Rosset of Grove Press may cop an award as the *Jitter*Book Publishers of the year. Last year they moved their offices, married each other, visited with booksellers all over America (Loly did, that is; with Barney limping along after her by plane) and still managed to win more spectacular front-page or feature reviews, per list, than any other publisher in town. This year they're busy rebuilding a home out East Hampton way. Seems they fell in love with a run-down old estate, which Loly discovered, and they just couldn't resist the bargain. There are three buildings still standing on the property, one of which is mysteriously missing a wall. Undeterred by the lack of water, electricity, or heat; undaunted by the fact that floors need fixing and walls need painting, they have recklessly scheduled "early Spring housewarming."

—Aaron Sussman.

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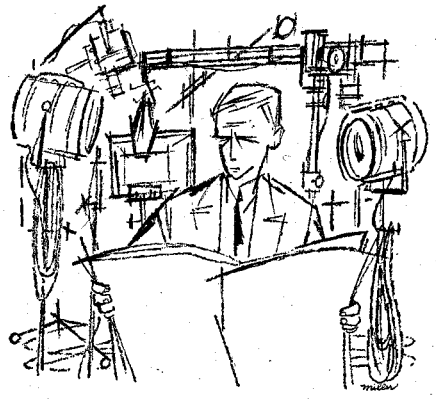
The Saturday Review

MARCH 13, 1954

THE PRESS AND THE COMMON MAN



By ALISTAIR COOKE

As the Age of the Common Man progresses newspapers in America are growing ever larger in size and fewer in number. Alistair Cooke, who discusses the implication of these and other trends, is chief correspondent in the United States of the Manchester Guardian *and author of "Generation on Trial" and "One Man's America." His article is the seventh in* SR*'s Common Man series assessing America's mass-communication media.*

THE "COMMON MAN" is the pet abstraction of the postwar decade, as the "little man" was of the one before it. They are both patronizing terms and, we may be sure, were not invented by the people they were meant to describe. Joseph Mitchell once dedicated a book to "the little man, who is bigger than you whoever you are." I wish somebody would do the same for the common man and free him from the inhuman attributions of a saintly, undemanding plumber biding his time. The common man, if he could ever be found, would probably turn out to be as cagey, good-natured, and egotistical as any reader of *The Saturday Review*.

So far as I can see, the "common man" was a necessary invention of the twentieth-century tyrants. It is a flattering narcissistic image imposed on every wage earner who for one reason or another is not earning enough. It should be a warning to us that in at least three countries in the 1920's there were enough of him hungry and hopeless to enable Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin to convince the average German he was a have-not, the average Italian that he was a Roman robbed of his birthright, the average Russian that he was the archetype of the modern man stunted in his growth by the luxury of the Imperial court. In Britain the only collection of common men I ever saw who eagerly embraced the title was the drooling rabble that followed Oswald Mosley; and in this country the delegates to Henry Wallace's 1948 convention: a nondescript press-gang of old-fashioned radicals, embittered folk-singers, bewildered farmers, genuine liberals, parlor pinks, Greenwich Village *femmes fatales,* Sunday School superintendents, and reformed-calendar fanatics. There is a warning in the demonstrable fact that this feverish and motley crew was manipulated with ridiculous ease by an élite corps of Communists while the leader grew hoarse with declarations of independence and promises of freedom. The "common man" theme is a dangerous tune for Americans to play, for we are prone to sentimentalize the abstract average citizen (one in two of him doesn't vote) especially in all the regions of the country we don't know at first hand. And the appeal to his horse-sense, decency, energy, and "right" to enjoy everything is a temptation which, if we keep insisting on it, some smart demagogue one of these days will decide to monopolize.

Oh, come on, I can hear the sociologist and the editorial writer scold, you know what we mean. Well, I don't, but I will do my best. I take it that what concerns the gentlemen who devised this series is the promise or threat of industrial democracy, and the effect of it on various cultural institutions which were invented by earlier societies. How does the prospect of swift world communications, universal primary education, and a vote for everyone affect the future of the daily newspaper?

THERE was a time, we are told, when a gentleman retired to his study to read the London *Times* with an open atlas at his elbow. This day is long gone and for much the same reason that at least two of the nouns in that first sentence are today faintly offensive: a "gentleman" is a dying ideal, except on the understanding that every American boy can get to be one; and a "study" is in modern real estate a euphemism for a bar or has already been converted into a television "nook." In short, the idea of a good newspaper as a daily adjunct to the library of a professional man—a private bulletin written for the businessman, the parson, the politician, the scholar by a staff of confidential

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clerks—is on its death bed along with all other manifestations of minority culture in a mass civilization.

This opposition between the minority and the mass may be purely presumptive, but we seem to assume these days that it is a law of nature, and it is now as powerful a prejudice as the late nineteenth-century belief that the sciences and the arts were somehow natural enemies and that a man who knew the pollen-grain count of a daffodil was thereby disqualified from appreciating Wordsworth's poem. The Western mind has for several centuries at least contained a whole system of opposites which seem naive and odd only to a Persian or a student of primitive languages. The minority versus the mass is only the latest form of such old antinomies as the Philistine versus the chosen people, the aristocrat versus the plutocrat, the Harvard man versus the rest. The people to blame for this pat, and as we today believe snobbish, doctrine are not the prosperous upper-middle-class Victorians but the Greeks, with their fundamental belief that some people were born to labor and some few to feel, to think, to practise and enjoy the fine arts. It is from this parent culture, which 400 years of Western education has systematically idolized, that we inherit the suspicion we all publicly deny: that a man grows away from his fellows to the extent that he is uncommon in ability, taste, piety, or what have you. The Greeks never confused the value of the uncommon man, and the rarity of excellence, with the merely political doctrine that some rights belong equally to all men.

THE first attempts in the English-speaking world to found a press were in England in the late sixteenth century; they were broadsides and comic strips, illustrating such things as the strictly British view of what happened to the Armada. There was even an enterprising Cockney, one Nathaniel Butter, who as early as 1605, before there were any newspapers at all in England, went up to Yorkshire and attended a couple of murder trials and, acting on the hunch that people had a vast and consuming interest in murder, got out some little tabloids which sold like hot-cakes. But they were for the instruction of the *hoi-polloi,* a dangerous novelty, and were suppressed. From their earliest days English newspapers required a royal license, and the first professional journalists were a private variation on what we should today call the press officer. Their job was not to inform the public but to keep their employers, usually a noble lord busy hunting or playing faro, in touch with what was happening abroad. The first American journalist was a confidence man of the same stripe. He was a sort of colonial Kiplinger who sent a regular newsletter to his "good and gracious lord" to give him the news of the Virginia colony. A Bostonian did the same for the New England governors and was little more than a private informer; for the burden of his letters was an account of how the true faith was developing in Boston, together with a list of dangerous dissenters known to be at large on the public highways. This was the origin of the paper that assumes it is informing an educated reader. Put this way, it sounds like an oddity, but in fact it is the type of the only newspapers we boast about.

This is a conception not very far removed from the tradition of patronage and, indeed, those papers that still try to maintain it depend for their survival on a reserve of private wealth, a trust agreement, an income from some unrelated business, or some other form of disguised subsidy. *The New York Times* could not possibly maintain its lavish foreign bureaus without its tedious bulk of profitable advertising copy. The only New York newspaper that tried to shuck off the necessary evil of advertising was kept alive by strong injections of money derived from a department-store fortune; and when the Leftist line that it marketed went out of fashion the paper went out of business. *The London News Chronicle* is a liberal paper owned and similarly reimbursed by the healthiest of English Quaker fortunes. The *Manchester Guardian,* a paper that all the world respected but not to the extent of enough people buying it, was almost killed off by the Depression. Long before 1929 its aging editor, C. P. Scott, was pondering the necessarily precarious future of an independent newspaper owned, in the strong nineteenth-century tradition, by one family. And it may be worth a glance at the period in the late nineteenth century when the omens first appeared which subsequently liquidated so many independent papers and now, in an age of mass communication, threaten to drown the survivors.

In the middle nineteenth century there were started, in the provinces of England and Scotland, a handful of papers by men who had a very distinct idea of what a newspaper ought to be. Papers like the *Yorkshire Post,* the *Sheffield Telegraph,* the *Birmingham Post,* the *Manchester Guardian* were each the inspiration and property of one man. They all assumed

(*Continued on page* 55)

"Well, *basically,* of course, all I'm trying to do is make the world a better place to live in."

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Is a Golfer a Gentleman?

This legal report by Sir A. P. Herbert is one of a series of "frolics in jurisprudence" that has been appearing in England for several years. It originally appeared in Punch *and is reprinted here by permission.*

By A. P. HERBERT

MR. JUSTICE TROUT (giving judgment): In this case the defendant, Mr. Albert Haddock, is charged under the Profane Oaths Act, 1745, with swearing and cursing on a Cornish golf course.

The penalty under the Act is a fine of one shilling for every day-laborer, soldier, or seaman, two shillings for every other person under the degree of gentleman, and five shillings for every person of or above the degree of gentleman—a remarkable but not unique example of a statute which lays down one law for the rich and another (more lenient) for the poor. The fine, it is clear, is leviable not upon the string or succession of oaths, but upon each individual malediction (see *Reg. v. Scott* (1863) 33 L. J. M. 15).

The curses charged, and admitted, in this case are over four hundred in number, and we are asked by the prosecution to inflict a fine of one hundred pounds, assessed on the highest or gentleman's rate at five shillings a swear. The defendant admits the offenses, but contends that the fine is excessive and wrongly calculated, on the curious ground that he is not a gentleman when he is playing golf.

He has reminded us in a brilliant argument that the law takes notice, in many cases, of such exceptional circumstances as will break down the normal restraints of a civilized citizen and so powerfully inflame his passions that it would be unjust and idle to apply to his conduct the ordinary standards of the law; as, for example, where without warning or preparation he discovers another man in the act of molesting his wife or family. Under such provocation the law recognizes that a reasonable man ceases for the time being to be a reasonable man; and the defendant maintains that in the special circumstances of his offense a gentleman ceases to be a gentleman and should not be judged or punished as such.

Now, what were these circumstances? Broadly speaking, they were the twelfth hole on the Mullion golf course, with which most of us in this Court are familiar. At that hole the player drives (or does not drive) over an inlet of the sea which is enclosed by cliffs some sixty feet high. The defendant has told us that he never drives over, but always into, this inlet, or Chasm, as it is locally named. A steady but not sensational player on other sections of the course, he says that before this obstacle his normal powers invariably desert him. This has preyed upon his mind; he has registered, it appears, a kind of vow, and year after year at Easter and in August he returns to this county determined ultimately to overcome the Chasm.

Meanwhile, unfortunately, his tenacity has become notorious. The normal procedure, it appears, if a ball is struck into the Chasm is to strike a second, and if that should have no better fate to abandon the hole. The defendant tells us that in the past he has struck no fewer than six or seven balls in this way, some rolling gently over the cliff and some flying far and high out to sea.

But recently, grown fatalistic, he has not thought it worthwhile to make even a second attempt, but has immediately followed his first ball into the Chasm, and there, among the rocks, small stones, and shingle, has hacked at his ball with the appropriate instrument until some lucky blow has lofted it on to the turf above, or, in the alternative, until he has broken his instruments or suffered some injury from flying fragments of rock. On one or two occasions a crowd of holiday-makers and local residents have gathered on the cliff and foreshore to watch the defendant's indomitable struggles and to hear the verbal observations which have accompanied them.

ON the date of the alleged offenses a crowd of unprecedented dimensions collected, but so intense was the defendant's concentration that he did not, he tells us, observe their presence. His ball had more nearly traversed the gulf than ever before; it struck the opposing cliff but a few feet from the summit; and nothing but an adverse gale of exceptional ferocity prevented success.

The defendant therefore, as he conducted his customary excavations among the boulders of the Chasm, was possessed, he tells us, by a more than customary fury. Oblivious of his surroundings, conscious only of the will to win, for fifteen or twenty minutes he lashed his battered ball against the stubborn cliffs, until at last it triumphantly escaped. And before, during, and after every stroke he uttered a number of imprecations of a complex character which were carefully recorded by an assiduous caddie and by one or two of the spectators. The defendant says that he recalls with shame a few of the expressions which he used, that he had never used them before, and that it was a shock to him to hear them issuing from his own lips; and he says quite frankly that no gentleman would use such language.

Now, this ingenious defense, whatever may be its legal value, has at least some support in the facts of human experience. I am a golf player myself—(*laughter*)—but, apart from that, evidence has been called to show the subversive effect of this exercise upon the ethical and moral systems of the mildest of mankind. Elderly gentlemen, gentle in all respects, kind to animals, beloved by children, and fond of music, are found in lonely corners of the downs, hacking at sandpits or tussocks of grass, and muttering in a blind, ungovernable fury elaborate maledictions which could not be extracted from them by robbery or murder. Men who would face torture without a word become blasphemous at the short fourteenth. It is clear that the game of golf may well be included in that category of intolerable provocations which may legally excuse or mitigate behavior not otherwise excusable, and that under that provocation the reasonable or gentle man may reasonably act like a lunatic or lout respectively, and should legally be judged as such.

But then I have to ask myself, What does the Act intend by the words "of or above the degree of gentlemen"? Does it intend a fixed social rank or a general habit of behavior? In other words, is a gentleman legally always a gentleman, as a duke or solicitor remains unalterably a duke or solici-

(*Continued on page* 35)

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Unite or Sovietize!

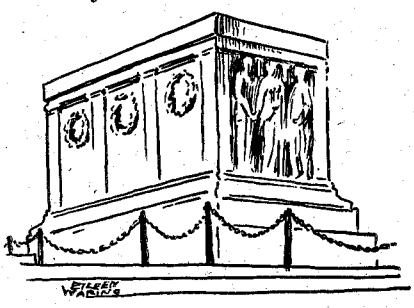
***"The Century of Total War," by Raymond Aron** (Doubleday. 379 pp. $6), is a French political scientist's survey of Western civilization from Sarajevo to Korea. Here it is reviewed by Hans Kohn, professor of history at City College of New York.*

By Hans Kohn

A FRENCH philosopher and novelist, Albert Camus, in his long essay "The Rebel," has recently analyzed the spiritual predicament of twentieth-century man. Another French philosopher and sociologist, Raymond Aron, now presents us simultaneously in "The Century of Total War" with a similar analysis of the contemporary political predicament. Both write from the point of view of the Continental European and primarily for Europeans. Nevertheless, their books are of utmost interest for they help us better to understand the attitudes of the non-English-speaking Western man today. Though Camus writes as a philosopher and *littérateur* and Aron as a political scientist and journalist, their books supplement each other.

To the general reader the book by Aron is by far more important, for it deals with the fundamental issues *of our time* in their political and social application, which is of immediate concern to everybody. Aron writes with incisive clarity; he is not only a scholar but a first-rate journalist and commentator on the contemporary scene. His book is a survey of the history from 1914, the year of the assassination at Sarajevo, to 1954, the first year after Stalin's death and of the truce in Korea.

The dynamism of the great wars of the twentieth century, the interplay of advanced technology and aroused passions, carried the democracies beyond any reasonable considerations of the peace which was to follow the war. In 1914 nationalist ambitions had set fire to Europe: out of the furnace emerged a Europe in which the very same principle of nationalism which had caused the war was intensified and heightened. The inflammation of nationalism precipitated the next great war. It became a "total" war in a sense unknown in 1914. The peace of 1919 intended to weaken Germany, an entirely legitimate purpose; the war in 1945 had the goal of destroying Germany and Japan. Because it was carried to its limit, it laid the foundations for a possible successor: the destruction of Germany and Japan seemed only possible with Stalin's help, for which a high price had to be paid. By allowing the war to become a total war, irreparable damage was done, not to economics or to population—the productive capacity of Europe was hardly affected and famine and pestilence in the past caused incomparably greater losses of human life—but to the subtle network of habits and beliefs that supported modern civilization, not only in Europe but also in Asia. By renouncing the formula of unconditional surrender and by replying more quickly to the repeated proposals by the Japanese Emperor, the war could have ended without the atom bomb and without the Soviet intervention in the Far East that had the most tragic consequences. Unfortunately, the democratic statesmen, especially in Washington, failed to see that the legitimate object of a war is not to crush the enemy but to secure certain political ends after the war.



WITH brilliant logic Mr. Aron demolishes widespread legends like those about the nature of imperialism or of the atomic age. Soviet Russia's suspicions of all foreign countries, especially of the West, and her support of the Lublin Committee for the Government of Poland antedate Hiroshima; even if it had not had the atomic bomb, the United States could not have tolerated the expansion of the Soviet empire to the Atlantic and Stalin would have hardly accepted the risk of a new general war. The atomic bomb has not changed the fundamentals of the international situation. But the new techniques of war have made the survival of the West incompatible with the continuance of con-

THE AUTHOR: Raymond Aron, a household name among Europe's diplomats, is an editorial writer whose editorials are read, reread, and reprinted, which, to say the least, is kind of *extraordinaire* for editorials. Aron—he is for such things as a rearmed Germany within the EDC, not exactly popular in France these days, and against such things as French advocacy of neutrality as a form of "subtle defeatism"—shares much of *Le Figaro*'s editorial duties with François Mauriac, and between them they try to keep the world on its toes politically, diplomatically, and culturally. Aron, a spare, shy Frenchman of forty-eight, lives in the fashionable Passy section of Paris with his wife and two children, and their apartment is a sort of terminal for the most respected American political columnists who happen to be capital-hopping in Europe. Aron works at home, mornings. Longhand. Noise doesn't bother him. His newspaper pieces aren't subjected to much revision, but his books are. It is possible that a few French cabinets have fallen during Aron's revision of a single chapter. He first began writing back in 1930, after he'd completed school, but mostly he was a university professor of social philosophy. World War II ended that. He managed to get to London, where he edited *La France Libre*. Once the Nazis were kicked out Aron wrote for *Combat*, then went over to *Le Figaro*, which nowadays has a daily circulation of more than half a million. It costs fifteen francs (four cents).

When he isn't writing editorials he is apt to be at the *Assemblée Nationale*, where he is probably better known than 100 *deputés;* or at Calmann-Lévy, an old publishing house with which he has editorial connections; or at *Preuves*, an anti-Communist political-cultural monthly to which he contributes; or at the *Institut d'Etudes Politiques*, at which he lectures. After a day at the office Aron is fond of strolling around Paris. He doesn't wear a beret.

—BERNARD KALB.

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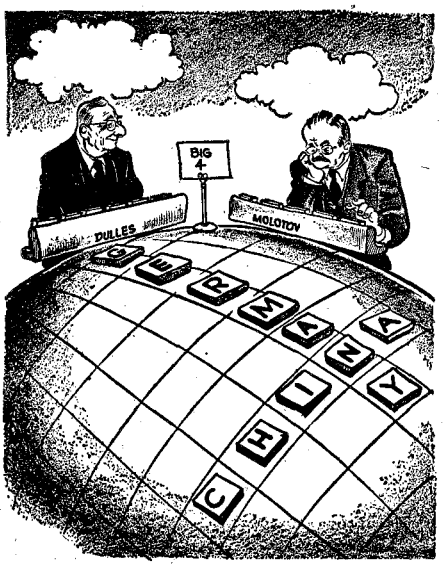
flicts that long antedate capitalism. For the twentieth-century revolutions of Russia and of Asia are not directed against capitalism but against the civilization that came from the West.

In the present situation, Mr. Aron points out, we live in a period of cold war, a limited war not as to the stakes but as to the means employed by the belligerents. It was not discovered by the genius of any individual but by the gropings of humanity itself and it is subject to unwritten laws, which the protagonists have recognized by degrees and have applied almost unconsciously. It would be wrong, however, to regard the Cold War as a conflict between two giants, the USSR and the USA. In truth, Soviet Russia is by its very nature in permanent conflict with all countries rebelling against the Stalinist message. Turning to the "neutralists." Mr. Aron rightly remarks that "if, for the sake of argument, we eliminate the United States and its alleged imperialism and imagine America taking no interest in the continent of Europe, the Europeans will not suddenly become secure; on the contrary, they will be doomed to Sovietization, perhaps without a general war, but quite certainly not without pain." This is the reason why the union of democracies resisted recently in Berlin all the tempting offers by Mr. Molotov, and why most Europeans reject the withdrawal of America from Europe. Mr. Aron has no great difficulty in showing that all the talk about a possible "neutralization" of Germany makes simply no sense under present world conditions. The few pages which he dedicates to this subject should be required reading for the advocates of neutralization.

As regards the future, Mr. Aron hopes that the Cold War may be a substitute for total war. "Surely, no peace is conceivable unless the Kremlin abandons the fight against heretics, which is improbable for years to come." Until then cold or unlimited war will be the normal state of the world. "To determine clearly the cases in which the threat of general war is applicable, to implement that threat by rearmament, to fill gradually the European gap, to abandon the Asiatic outposts whose local defense is too expensive, to maintain a line of resistance while leaving open the possibility of negotiations with Peiping—these are the lines of action in the immediate future which are indicated by good sense."

It is the strength of Mr. Aron's book that it makes good sense. He has the courage to oppose the myth of European unity. The name Europe represents not an economic or political unit, but either a geographic continent or a historical civilization. The Scandinavian countries and the Mediterranean countries belong to distinct complexes. National states are obsolete, but Europe is not the supranational unit into which they can merge. Even united, Europe would be lost if the United States yielded to isolationism. Even divided, Europe still has a good chance so long as the national states remain integrated in an Atlantic community, however imperfect. Western Europe must build up its military strength and, as Mr. Churchill rightly declared immediately after the war, that strength can only come from a reconciliation between France and Germany. But Europe "is a grandiose name provisionally given to a Continental sector of the Atlantic community." What is needed is a closer integration of that community, seat of Western civilization under attack from Russia and Asia.

Some of Mr. Aron's most incisive pages are directed to his fellow Europeans and their widely accepted myths about the United States and about Russian Communism. In their eagerness not to commit themselves, European intellectuals, especially in Italy and France, vie with one another in finding ways of making an eventual war appear absurd and in regarding the chief protagonists as fundamentally similar. In a brief chapter, "The End of the Socialist Myth," Mr. Aron has written the best and most cogent reply to some of his compatriots like Jean-Paul Sartre. Against the overoptimists who never die out, he stresses that Stalin's death does not close the Cold War, which stems from the conjuncture itself and not from the evil intentions of one man. He has hope without undue optimism, faith without easy illusions. The West will not succeed unless it is united and believes in itself.



—*Scott Long, in the* Minneapolis Tribune.

"A New Kind of Scrabble."

No Bread, No Circuses

***"The World's Food," by M. K. Bennett** (Harper. 282 pp. $4), is an economist's look at the prospects for better and more abundant diets throughout the world during the coming half century. William Vogt, who reviews it below, was chief of the conservation section of the Pan American Union, 1943-1950, and author of "Road to Survival."*

By William Vogt

BELIEF in Utopia dies hard, especially among Americans! There has been a spate of "if" books telling us that if farms could be manipulated like test tubes and people like machines available technical knowledge would provide much better diets not only for all the people in the world today, but for those to be born in the next fifty years. M. K. Bennett's "The World's Food" is another one.

Writes Dr. Bennett: "Given an era of real peace and international cooperation, I think we could count upon recovery to and maintenance of levels of per capita calorie ingestion appropriate to the body sizes and activity of all populations for a good many years to come, with population growing as the nonfood factors governing it may determine." He reaches his optimistic conclusion (without defining "real cooperation") despite estimates published by U.N.'s Food and Agriculture Organization (Second World Food Report) that for every four people on a calorie deficient diet prewar there are now seven! (He concedes well over a billion are probably worse off than prewar.) One who has spent years in "underdeveloped" countries and understands the intricacies of the problem—climatic, edaphic, topographic, demographic, cultural—finds it impossible to accept Dr. Bennett's virtually unsupported conclusion.

He writes as an economist, which means that he is concerned with abstractions far removed from soil fertility, water tables, taboos, superstitions, etc. He recognizes the existence of these factors in a few paragraphs, but disregards them in the writing of the book. To Dr. Bennett man seems to be an internal combustion engine, and food the fuel that makes it go. Such psychic concerns as the oral satisfaction derived from sugar—surely significant in the American consumption of candy, soft drinks, ice cream, etc.—are not recognized. Food *is* food.

About half his pages are concerned with U. S. food habits, in a summary

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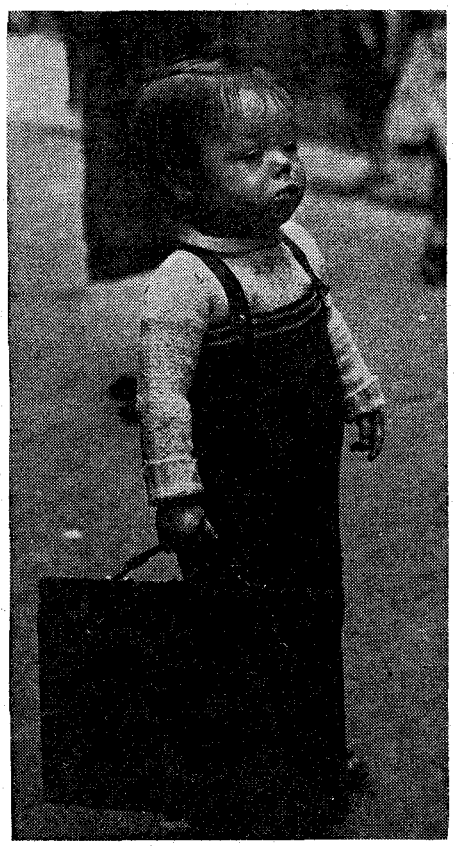
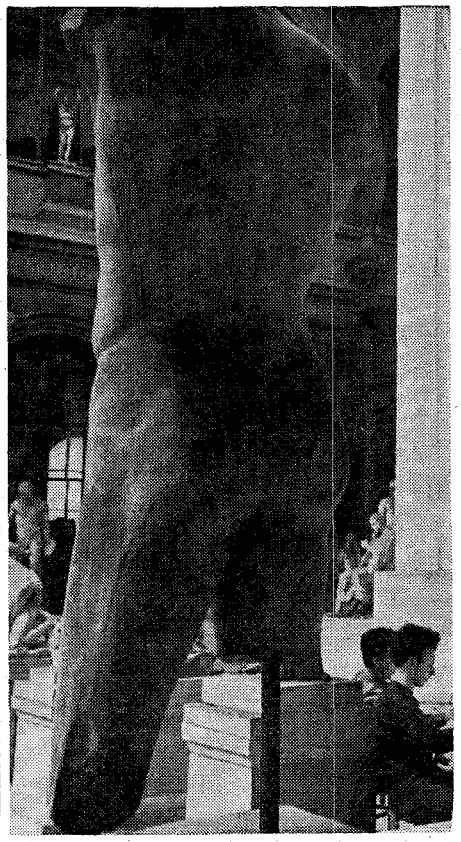
that is fascinating despite the fact it is almost entirely statistical and quantitative. He gives us no clue, for example, as to why we must now go to Buenos Aires or Oslo to find meat and bread as palatable as those common in America forty years ago. (An inkling as to his approach is given by the fact that the kind of tasteless doughy substance commonly sold here today is an "indication of economic improvement of diet." We asked for bread and ye gave us a dollar sign!) He includes some amusing debunking of current nutrition lore.

Dr. Bennett also raises some plausible doubts concerning FAO statistics and virtually accuses the organization of falsifying its "facts." But his discussion of foreign food problems is less successful, it seems to me, than that of the U. S. Statistics for most of the world outside of our country and Western Europe must be regarded with skepticism, yet he leans on them heavily. He constantly uses figures with "per capita income." This is meaningless unless one knows its distribution, just as "population per square mile" is nonsense unless one considers the kind of mile.

Whether this book will improve understanding or muddy further waters that are already murky, remains to be seen. Yet it is a valuable contribution, if read with discrimination.





PEOPLE IN PARIS: Not too long ago I was complaining in these pages about the prevalence of picture travel books that concentrate on inanimate ruins and art objects to the exclusion of people [*SR*, Jan. 2]. Now Harper's has just published a picture book that concentrates happily on people and how they live. **"The French of Paris"** ($6) contains 112 full-page photographs by Sanford H. Roth, and includes "Notes on the Photographs" by Beulah Roth as well as an introductory essay by Aldous Huxley. Mr. Roth's photographs are remarkable, especially for their ability to capture the nuances of human expression. With the exception of two or three labored still lifes, he has successfully resisted the temptation to lapse into the arty. I was particularly interested in his portraits of such local lights as Picasso, Matisse, Utrillo, Stravinsky, Cocteau, and Jean Renoir. Mr. Huxley's essay is brief and full of entertaining personal reminiscence. The "Notes," however, bothered me somewhat. Miss Roth often prefers to describe what she imagines might be going on in the picture rather than what is actually taking place. I would have preferred a slightly more factual and less impressionistic approach.

—WILLIAM MURRAY.

Planet's Welfare

"The World's Good," by Carleton Washburne *(John Day. 301 pp. $4), is an educator's blueprint for the training of youth for world-mindedness in our schools and colleges. Our reviewer, Amry Vandenbosch, is head of the department of political science at the University of Kentucky.*

By Amry Vandenbosch

WHO has not asked himself the baffling question of why war and huge expenditures for armaments are necessary in a world which has made so much progress in so many areas of life? Who does not know that the peoples of the world are interdependent, "are members one of another," that "in the world's good is your own and in yours, the world's." Then why should rational men find it so difficult to organize for peace and to promote the common good? Surely, minds which released atomic energy and produced the hydrogen bomb can also devise the means for effective international cooperation or even world government, if that is necessary to rid the world of the dreadful threat which now hangs over it. Much thought has been given to this problem and volumes have been written on it, a specialized agency has been set up under the United Nations for the purpose of building defenses of peace in the minds of men, but the world continues deeply and bitterly divided.

If mankind could be frightened into a world government we ought not to have long to wait for the new day, but it is quite clear that the gospel of damnation lacks the power to unite mankind in ways of constructive peace. If international organization is to be effective it must be supported by a world community. Until the peoples of the world share a minimum common body of ideas and values and a real concern for the welfare of every section of the human race, the best organization men can devise will operate ineffectively.

What is needed, then, is education for world-mindedness, and that certainly is the function of the schools and colleges, for the citizens of tomorrow are sitting in the classrooms of today. Carleton Washburne, a professional educator with a considerable international experience, accepts the challenge of arousing teachers to their responsibility "to help children to grow up with the ability and the will to feel, to think, and to act in terms

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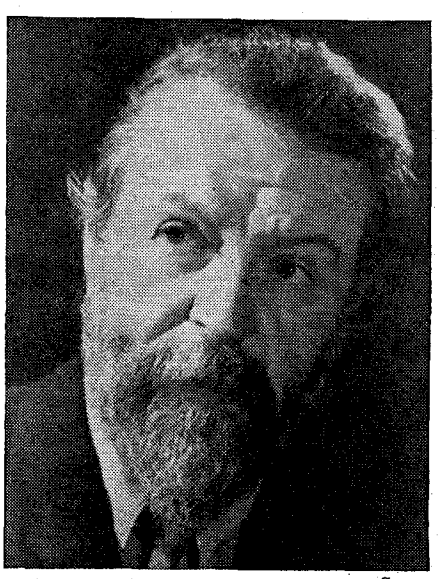
of one interdependent world society," and of providing teachers with practical suggestions on how to teach world-mindedness. His book "The World's Good," is a clarion call by a teacher to his fellow teachers.

In the first half of the volume Mr. Washburne discusses such subjects as social integration, prejudice, realization of worldwide interdependence, our common humanity, the value and understanding of differences and ideological conflict, and suggests how these may be used to give young people a vision of worldwide cooperation and well-being. Teachers will find here much wisdom and many helpful suggestions for a phase of their work which they may not neglect.

But is there not a danger that while one half of the world is educating its children for gentle world-mindedness, another half may be inculcating evil tough-mindedness in its children? The author recognizes this problem in his discussion of war.

The second half of the book deals with such phases of the work of the United Nations as human rights, UNICEF, the World Health Organization, the Food and Agricultural Organization, and UNESCO. The author thus concentrates on the things that make for harmony (as the Apostle Paul advised the Roman Christians to do), but says little about the forces of world politics. Is this likely to produce the wisest and most steadfast supporters of the United Nations? It is like teaching our children American government without letting them know anything about American politics. This may lead to disillusionment and bitterness. Our children ought not to be sent into the world as innocent as doves unless they are also taught to be as wise as serpents.



—*Semo.*

I. N. Steinberg—"few unhappy weeks."

Parturition of the Monster

"In the Workshop of the Revolution," by I. N. Steinberg *(Rinehart. 306 pp. $4), is an account of the Russian Revolution by a man who participated in it as a member of a splinter party. Michael T. Florinsky, who reviews it below, is the author of "Russia: History and Interpretation."*

By Michael T. Florinsky

I. N. STEINBERG's "In the Workshop of the Revolution" is a puzzling book. Steinberg, who was in his late twenties in 1917, is one of the little-known leaders of the Left Socialist-Revolutionary (incorrectly translated throughout the book as Social-Revolutionary) Party which split from the parent Socialist-Revolutionary Party after the October Revolution. For a short time, when the party was represented in the Council of People's Commissars, Steinberg held the office of Commissar of Justice. This was the only Socialist faction which chose to side with the Bolsheviks. The results of the attempted collaboration were not unexpected. After a few unhappy weeks the Left Socialist-Revolutionary commissars resigned (March 1918) and soon thereafter the more prominent members of the Party, including Steinberg, were arrested.

Steinberg's volume deals mainly with the period from the fall of the monarchy to the Kronstadt rebellion in March 1921 which he regards, quite arbitrarily, as the turning point of the revolution. The author sheds no new light on the leading figures or major events of the period which he discusses. Three main themes are discernible in his loosely-knit story: a weak and ineffectual apology for the part, minor as it was, played by the Left Socialist-Revolutionaries in the consolidation of the Bolshevik dictatorship; an indictment of the Bolshevik rule along the familiar lines of disgruntled fellow-travelers (although the succinct chapter, "What is the Bolshevik Terror?," is extremely well done); and a surprisingly vigorous restatement of the tenets of Populism from which stemmed the Socialist-Revolutionary doctrine.

The author's excursions into the history of Populism are highly selective. In his enthusiastic reference to the "magnificent" crusade "to the people" in the 1870's, he ignores the fact that the efforts of the propagandists were frustrated by peasant suspicion and indifference. It is this lack of response that led the Populists to shift from peaceful propaganda to political murder, a policy relentlessly pursued by the Socialist-Revolutionaries.

In 1906-1907, when the Socialist-Revolutionary terror was at its pinnacle, the number of victims, ranging from high officials to village policemen, exceeded four thousand. The perpetrators of these bloody deeds are represented by Steinberg as "revolutionists by love." Some of them were misguided youths deserving, however, pity rather than admiration. But there were also others, high in Party circles and not mentioned by Steinberg, who were simultaneously agents of the security police. Evno Azef, the outstanding specimen of this repulsive breed, headed the Party's Terroristic (*Boevaia*) Organization from 1903 to 1908.

EMOTIONALISM of a high pitch permeates Steinberg's pages. "Russia at the dawn of the twentieth century knew no more magic word than 'revolution.' . . . The idea of revolution . . . was loved and revered by all who dreamed of liberty." "The people were readying themselves for revolution . . . in joyousness and resolve. This movement was . . . an open movement of the broad masses of the people." "To the Russian people the revolution . . . was to be the beginning of a new moral world order." "The Russian intelligentsia was not merely a professional group of the educated"; its members "were united by great social and ethical ideas, by the will to liberate the Russian people and, with it, mankind. Frequently this intelligentsia was called the 'Moral Order' of the new era." "'Love thy neighbor as thyself' was deeply cherished by all sections of the Russian people." The Russian peasantry is held as "an independent social and cultural force," and the author speaks of "the humane and generous nature of the revolution in the village." He extols the "creativity" of the October (Bolshevik) revolution which, he imagines, was received by "a vast section of the people" with "joy" and "profound sense of relief." Kronstadt, the naval fortress notorious for its unspeakable atrocities, is described as

(*Continued on page* 54)

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Bygones of a Genre

"Scenes and Portraits: Memories of Childhood and Youth," by Van Wyck Brooks *(E. P. Dutton. 243 pp. $4.50), is a series of impressionistic familiar essays by a prominent American literary historian and critic. Robert E. Spiller, our reviewer, is professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania, and one of the editors of "The Literary History of the United States."*

By Robert E. Spiller

IT HAS always been the fate of Van Wyck Brooks to be condemned by his fellow critics for failing to do things that he never had any intention of doing. Never professing to be a biographer, he first wrote a series of tracts on culture, using literary figures as the focus of his thinking, and was soundly spanked for distorting his evidence and misrepresenting Mark Twain, Henry James, Emerson, and others. Nevertheless, the formula he presented by this method for dealing with the problem of the alienation of the artist from his environment has never been bettered. Then turning to cultural history, he developed an impressionistic method of dealing with the past, which defied all the ground rules of the literary historians but gave to the American people a vivid realization of their own cultural tradition. Even Brooks himself apparently did not realize, until about the third volume of five, that he was writing a history of the literary life, and not of the literature, of the United States.

Now, with a book of reminiscences of childhood and youth called "Scenes and Portraits," this unfashionable and non-conforming critic again runs the risk of misinterpretation. It is reasonably safe to assume that of five critics who read this book in order to judge it, not more than one will approach it as a series of impressionistic familiar essays bound loosely together by an unobtrusive personality with an idealistic commitment. It is more like the "Essays of Elia" than the "Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens"; it is more like a series of sketches by Van Gogh than either a portrait by Gainsborough or an abstraction by Jackson Pollock. But it is none of these; it is a new work by Van Wyck Brooks in which he applies his own peculiar kind of literary impressionism to his own personal past. It is closely related to everything else he has done because it presents a formula for cultural history, arrived at intuitively, by means of a carefully constructed series of sketches of personalities, seemingly unrelated and oftentimes trivial. Those who read to discover another "Always the Young Strangers" or even another "Education of Henry Adams" will be disappointed. The early life of Van Wyck Brooks himself is the least important thing in this book; in fact, it is not important at all.

What place has the long chapter "At the Seminary" in a book of literary reminiscences? Seventy-six letters from the sister of the Polish patriot Kossuth to her friend in Plainfield, New Jersey, the mistress of a young ladies' seminary, surely have little bearing on the story of this writer's life. And why are Maxwell Perkins and John Hall Wheelock allowed to wander in and out of the story, using their own latchkeys and often breaking in on the company quite irrelevantly? Why is a chatty and unhurried description of the long table at Petitpas suddenly interrupted by a comment on the cult of youth in America? And why, when he is supposedly giving the reader an account of his own ancestry, does he forget his Brooks antecedents almost entirely and become lost among the Platts of Plattsburg? The answer is, of course, that Brooks is a painter in words and that this is a series of genre paintings. The artist has his own laws for the distortion and the rejection as well as the selection and emphasis of what he finds in life or in his cultivated memory.

THERE will be more books of this kind, for Van Wyck Brooks has much more of this kind of thing to paint and tell. Meanwhile, we have been indirectly told that he has thought of himself first and always as an historian of the art of painting, that he owes much as a critic to Ruskin and Saint Beuve, that he led the revolt of youth in the second American renaissance by sensitively understanding the moods of others rather than by feeling a social unrest of his own, that his understanding of the Charles Eliot Norton influence at Harvard was acute because he was not born to it himself, and that his entire literary career is a unified whole—the life of an esthetic and cultural critic who had the misfortune to survive into a time that was temperamentally unfriendly to the kind of historical criticism that he has continued to do so well. From the hints that he throws out so carelessly and from the shrewd insights that he covers with the mild irony of his exquisite style, the cultural history of the first three decades of this century may be outlined. Here are the "Makers and Finders" of the present.

Lilac Possession

By Charles Edward Eaton

MUST it be spring in a late year that will make us know
How taut a thing is time that took us straight
Who might have turned aside, that hurried when we wished to wait
Until we were time's master and ourselves would not let go?

Will it take lilac after storm to make us learn
What the face buried in blossom can never recover?—
Then it was enough to stop with the rain, discover
Our love in flower and carry it into the house without rigid concern.

This is the bush, grown taller, a rain-soft hour of twilight still:
Here essence shall remain and here endure—
Nature is not cruel though it immure
Within itself what was the dream before the will,

Though it preserve against ourselves what was not merely thought.
This it can do for us who own our house, our life,
Whose children stretch the years of our command, who love not
woman but our wife,
Yet in possession cannot recall just why we sold and what we bought.

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Bloomsbury's Mistress

"A Writer's Diary," by Virginia Woolf *(Harcourt, Brace. 356 pp. $5), contains extracts from the voluminous diaries of the distinguished English novelist, selected by her husband, Leonard Woolf.*

By Joseph Wood Krutch

VIRGINIA WOOLF left twenty-six manuscript volumes of a diary running from 1915 (the year of her first book, "The Voyage Out") to 1941 (the year of her death). Calling the whole "too personal" to be published during the lifetime of many people referred to, Leonard Woolf has extracted some 350 pages for "A Writer's Diary," that, he says, includes "practically everything which referred to her own writing," together with a rather small amount of material only indirectly connected with her books.

Such a diary by a well-known novelist has inevitably a certain interest. We follow Mrs. Woolf through the early days of genteel poverty and uncertain position in the world of letters until she emerges as an established figure whose books sell well. We also catch glimpses, though hardly more than glimpses, of her personal relations with other members of the Bloomsbury group. But the fact remains that by comparison with the journals of a good many other recent writers the general effect is rather thin and rather monotonous.

The editor, her husband, seems uncomfortably aware of this fact when he remarks in the preface that "even unexpurgated diaries give a distorted or one-sided portrait of the writer, because, as Virginia Woolf herself remarks somewhere in these diaries, one gets into the habit of recording one particular kind of mood—irritation or misery, say—and of not writing one's diary when one is feeling the opposite." Five or six very vivid pages describing a visit to Thomas Hardy towards the end of his life are extraordinarily lively and interesting. They suggest that if Mrs. Woolf had cared to write or her husband had cared to publish more matter of that sort, the present volume would be a good deal richer than it is. But either she didn't or he didn't; and readers who are not passionately interested in the author are likely to get a little weary of the perpetual ups and downs of her mood as she gains or loses confidence in each work in progress and then of the alternations between hope and apprehension as the reviews begin to appear.

—Giselle Freund-Magnum.

Virginia Woolf—"morbidly affected."

> On the whole it has gone better this morning. It's true my brain is so tired of this job it aches after an hour or less. So I must dandle it, and gently immerse it. Yes, I think it's good; in its very difficult way. I wonder if anyone has ever suffered so much from a book as I have from "The Years." Once out I will never look at it again. It's like a long childbirth.

A few pages like that tell one something. Fifty come to seem rather wearisome and repetitious.

The qualities which make a great man great are, of course, those which most often elude autobiography as well as biography. From the pages of this volume one does learn a good deal about Mrs. Woolf's temperament, but one would not be able to guess whether she had an important talent or not. And this is said, not chiefly by way of complaint, but to explain why the little summary to follow may seem disparaging.

The "distorted or one-sided portrait" which she herself draws is of a woman obsessed by writing in both the good sense that she is determined to write well and in the bad sense that nothing seems to interest her much except as material to be written about. For an author, she was neither unusually selfish nor arrogant and by comparison with Katherine Mansfield, for example, a likable person. But she was almost as self-centered as it is possible for anyone to be:

> I think I anticipate considerable lukewarmness among the friendly reviewers. . . . Oh the relief! L. brought the *Lit. Sup.* to me in bed and said it's quite good. . . . Quite set up and perky today . . . because I was so damnably depressed and smacked on the cheek by Edwin Muir in the *Listener* and by Scott James in the *Life and Letters* on Friday.

Exile's Elegy

"It Isn't This Time of Year at All," by Oliver St. John Gogarty *(Doubleday. 256 pp. $3.50), is a volume of reminiscence by the Irish physician, politician, and writer, who played a prominent role in the literary flowering of his native land.*

By Harrison Smith

NOW in his seventy-fifth year, with a dozen memorable books behind him, Dr. Oliver St. John Gogarty writes in "It Isn't This Time of Year at All" of his long, somewhat fabulous journey through life with the vigor, enthusiasm, charm, and wit that few writers thirty years younger, on either side of the Atlantic, possess today.

For years he has been an exile in New York, for he fought what he believed were the destructive policies of De Valera and the Sinn Fein, as a partisan of the first Government of the new Republic of Ireland, and later a member of the Government. At one time, when he was a Senator, he was kidnapped by hired murderers and escaped, becoming a national hero feted, oddly enough, in London as well as in Ireland.

Even more than for its stories of his exciting adventures, his book will be treasured for its account of the development of his own varicolored personality and his shrewd, sometimes loving, sometimes acerbic appraisal of the poets, novelists, painters, philosophers, and learned men with whom he was intimate. What a gallery of men these are who line Ireland's hall of fame—James Joyce, George Russell, Yeats, Griffith, Horace Plunkett, George Moore, Augustus John, Lord Dunsany, and others of no less renown. No other land, perhaps, could have produced such men at that time.

Dr. Gogarty's autobiography is essentially the story of the rise to eminence of the son of a country doctor, a lad who fought his way out of poverty and into Trinity College, won four. Vice Chancellor's prizes for English verse, an all-time record, and was runner-up for England's famous Newdigate Prize. He wrote lovely lyrics and was an athlete; he became Ireland's champion bicycle rider over a course of twenty miles; he owned one of the first automobiles in Ireland. He studied medicine at Trinity College and was an intern in surgery in one of Dublin's gruesome old hospitals. He learned what poverty meant in the city slums and

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later was able to do something about it. He married happily and studied in Vienna where he lived in Kraft-Ebbing's large rooms, and there decided that Sigmund Freud was an enemy of the human race. Soon he was a surgeon and a specialist in diseases of the nose, throat, and ear, on the staff of Dublin's best hospital.

IT IS extraordinary that such a man should be best known in the literary world as the original of Buck Mulligan in James Joyce's "Ulysses." As penniless young men they lived together for two years in the old tower on Dublin Bay, and the stories that emerged from that romantic retreat are still alive. One night they broke into a shop and carried off a load of feminine underwear to distribute to city prostitutes. When the fat wife of the keeper of the little bar where they drank beer died the two young men were among the mourners at the wake, and Joyce declaimed resonantly from "Lycidas," changing Milton's famous line to "She must not float upon his watery beer—unwept." Gogarty did not then perceive any signs of the latent lunacy he later discovered in Joyce. The truth is that he never liked the strange genius who was his companion.

Some of the best anecdotes in the autobiography are about Gogarty's professors in Trinity College. One night a group of faculty members, wearied by the reputation for omniscience of a famous Greek scholar with a fabulous memory, attempted to make sport of him by discoursing at length and learnedly on the Chinese language. The professor waited patiently until they had exhausted themselves, then said quietly: "The treatise from which you gentlemen have been quoting was written by me several years ago for the 'Encyclopedia Britannica'." Famous and pompous Dr. Tyrell was once interrupted in conversation by a man who rushed up to him and asked, "Where is the urinal?" The doctor replied, "Go along that passage until you come to a door marked 'Gentlemen'; but do not let that deter you."

The meetings of the writers of Ireland's golden age, as described in Dr. Gogarty's pages, produced such conversation and recitations as we shall not see in our generation. The age came to an end, because the hatreds born of revolution destroyed the comradeship of many of these men, embittered their lives, and sent more than one of them into exile.

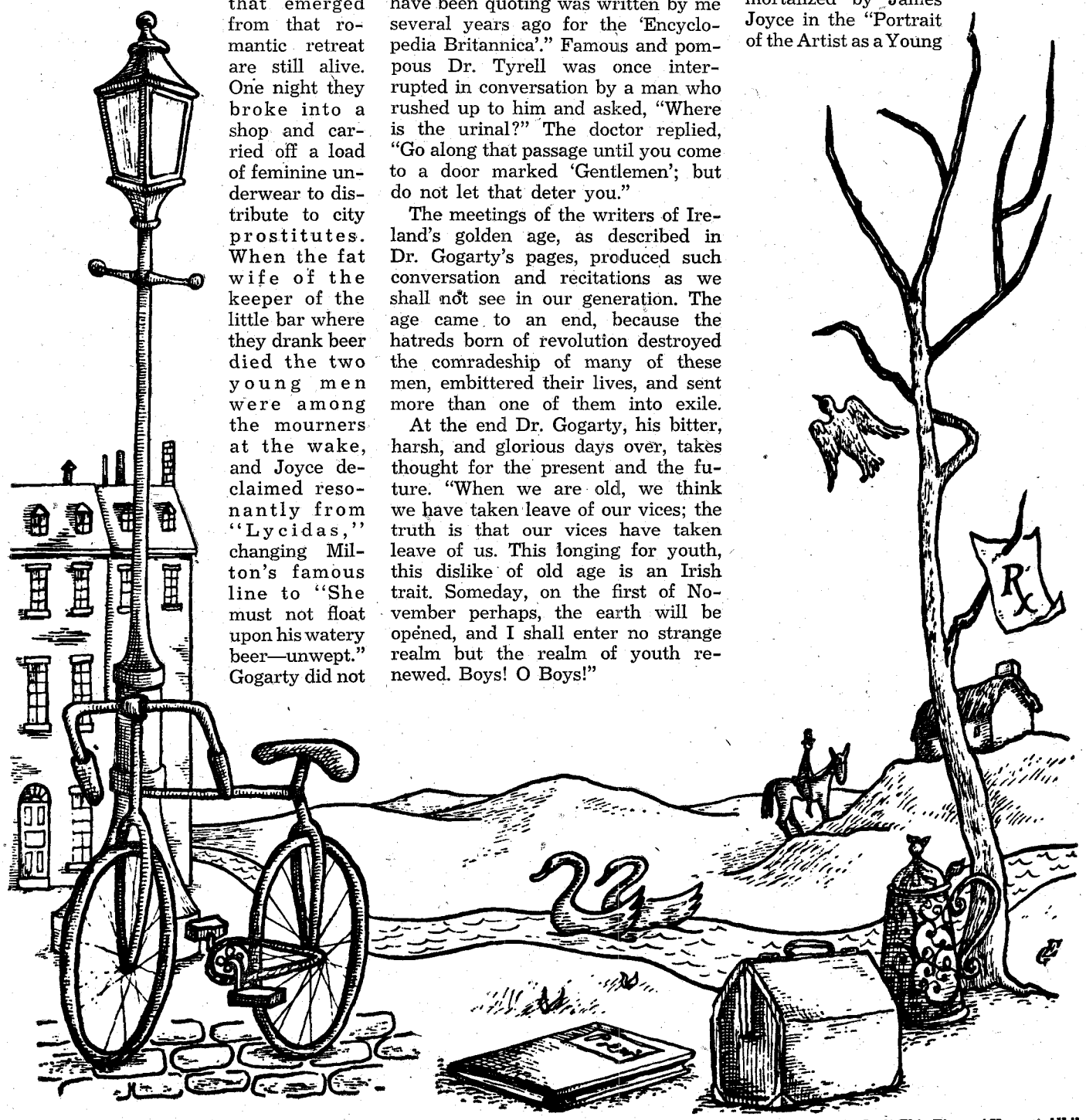
At the end Dr. Gogarty, his bitter, harsh, and glorious days over, takes thought for the present and the future. "When we are old, we think we have taken leave of our vices; the truth is that our vices have taken leave of us. This longing for youth, this dislike of old age is an Irish trait. Someday, on the first of November perhaps, the earth will be opened, and I shall enter no strange realm but the realm of youth renewed. Boys! O Boys!"

Cranly's Memoirs

"The Silent Years," by J. F. Byrne *(Farrar, Straus & Young. 307 pp. $4), is the autobiography of a friend of Joyce who appears as Cranly in Joyce's books. Our reviewer is Richard Ellmann, author of "Yeats: The Man and the Masks."*

By Richard Ellmann

DURING some of J. F. Byrne's "silent years" his youthful conversations were set down and immortalized by James Joyce in the "Portrait of the Artist as a Young



—By Edward Gorey, for the jacket of "It Isn't This Time of Year at All."

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Man" and in "Stephen Hero." Mr. Byrne appears in both these books as the character called Cranly. His relationship with Joyce was a very special one. Where Buck Mulligan was a rival, Temple a disciple, Lynch a necessary auditor, Cranly occupied the role of confessor. To him Joyce poured out his offenses and his longings, and Cranly never failed to listen and to pass judgment.

For several years, then, Mr. Byrne was indispensable to Joyce, who would wait hours for him to finish a chess game or read a book on "Diseases of the Ox," so that they might then walk all over Dublin together, with Joyce proposing and Byrne disposing. It was to Byrne that Joyce reported his quarrels with his mother over performing his Easter duty, and Byrne, two years older, equally skeptical but less rebellious, did not let him off lightly. With an orphan's respect for family ties, he helped to make Joyce's shift of allegiance from church to art a painful, conscience-stricken one.

What sort of man was Cranly, to whose opinion Joyce listened so attentively? Stephen Dedalus's brother is represented in the "Portrait" as finding his mind commonplace, while Stephen finds in him a kind of genius. Harvey Breit, in his introduction to Mr. Byrne's new autobiography, "The Silent Years," points out a different characteristic—a determined honesty—which certainly pervades the book. Yet none of these analyses seems quite to hit the main characteristic of Mr. Byrne's personality, which is its strength. This strength manifests itself in every chapter, whether in his description of ghosts, in whom he believes, or of religion, in which he doesn't. Physically, it enables him to walk from Dublin to Glendalough and back again in a pair of tight shoes. Mentally, it enables him to hold firmly to his views about the Irish question, about the gold standard, and about an unbreakable code. For over thirty years he has tried to bring this code to the notice of the proper governmental agencies, but, though no one can break it, he has found no listeners.

MR. Byrne's book is most remarkable in its picture of the life he knew in Dublin about 1900, especially the life of students and faculty at the Royal University. The two students about whom he writes the most are Sheehy-Skeffington, shot by the British in 1916, and Joyce. He has little respect for the books that have been written on Joyce, and understandably, because he has so much information that no one else knows. No

(*Continued on page* 46)

FICTION

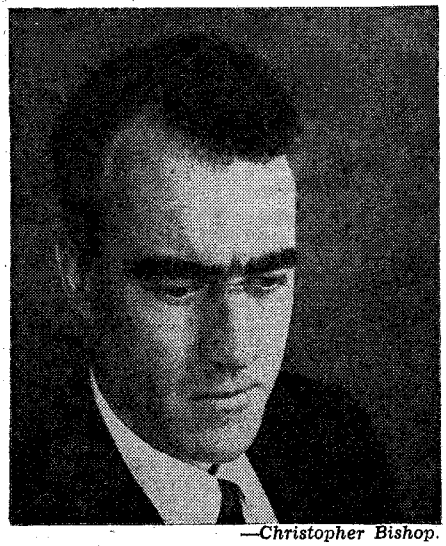
Nutcrackers' Neuroses

"The Cobweb," by William Gibson *(Alfred A. Knopf. 369 pp. $3.95), exposes a complex of human emotions within the confines of a clinic for nervous disorders.*

By Charles Lee

EVERYTHING seems so easy at the start of William Gibson's extraordinary first novel, "The Cobweb." It's just a matter of new drapes. But nothing is simple when people fall out among themselves, especially in and around a psychiatric institution. The drapes set off a war. Internal governments break down; armies of nerves rage and riot; the inhabitants of the Castle House Clinic for Nervous Disorders in Platte, Nebraska, spill over the borders of sanity. In the end peace is restored but the world is no longer the same. And the drapes that were to have been hung in the beginning hang like banners of victory for those who remain masters of the field.

The outer trouble builds up this way: Meg Rinehart, a psychotherapist, sells the patients the idea of making and designing their own drapes; she gets her project approved by the assistant medical director, Dr. Stewart McIver. But McIver's wife is engaged in her own decorative ideas with a rich trustee in Chicago. And, unknown to both of them, the clinic's treasurer, ancient and stubborn Victoria Inch, with an eye to personal authority and institutional economy, has decided to have the job done her way. Both of these latter projects, owing to treasonable divisions within his own character, win the approval of the director, Dr. Douglas Devereux.



—*Christopher Bishop.*

William Gibson—"master of dialogue."

The interior conflicts, incipient, open, and raging, which the resultant dispute intensifies and illumines, are too ramified for total tabulation here. But the main involvements center about tall, graying McIver, whose efforts to introduce a non-authoritarian atmosphere into the clinic's operation ironically require a dictatorial hand behind the scenes.

McIver is as loaded with problems as an analyst's couch. His nominal boss, Devereux, is in a state of puling disintegration. His wife is more submissive to her own narcissistic needs than to his. His assistant, Meg, shakes his loyalty to his children every time she crosses his line of vision. His office watchdog, Miss Inch, a triumph of bristling frustration, threatens to undermine his work in a conspiracy of malcontents. And his most difficult case, Stevie Holt, who does not simplify matters by falling in love with a phobic patient, disappears in the midst of the crisis of the drapes.

MR. Gibson manipulates his complicated story with admirable skill and a keen, if somewhat hectic, sense of drama. He is a master of dialogue. His characters, remarkably alive, are viewed with clarity and charity; he sees them moving through life with ironical unawareness of the disaffections they often inspire in those nearest them, and at the same time he stirs the reader to pity for them all. Much of the strength of his book lies in his knowledge of the human paradox: thus Devereux, naked in his dependence before his hitherto tyrannized wife, has his moment of strength in his final collision with McIver; and McIver, resilient and resourceful in the struggle to heal his patients in his own way, must accept a tormenting failure in his own home.

The author's power (note the reality of his love story) is such that you will overlook his tendency to go into excessive detail whenever one of his characters enters wardrobe or bathroom. This is the literary paradox in a work that signals the arrival of a brilliant new novelist with the technique and the maturity to command respect at once and anticipation for the future.

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Off-Season Shambles

"Carnival by the Sea," by Sigrid de Lima *(Charles Scribner's Sons. 327 pp. $3.50), is the story of four spiritually distressed people whom fate brings together at a garish amusement park in the off-season.*

By Edmund Fuller

"ONE's whole life turns out not to have been at all, it's only a picture that you had in your mind's eye and it was a false, an untrue picture of something that never even existed." This is only one—though possibly a key one—of the endless laments of an old woman named Jessica Albany, a character in Sigrid de Lima's novel "Carnival by the Sea." Inwardly she lives in a private envelope of fear; outwardly in an abandoned restaurant shaped like a coffee pot at the outer edges of an amusement resort.

To the resort has come the writer Ed Miller, whose real name is David Albany, stepson of the old woman. He is wondering if he will kill himself; she is obsessed that he will kill her. He bears the psychic scars of the shambles Jessica had made of the lives of her husband, her stepchildren, her own child, and herself, in her days of youth, beauty, and calculation.

"Pity her," someone urges David.

"No, I cannot, I will not . . . she has no right to it, she doesn't deserve it . . ."

Here, also, to this grotesque retreat, its garish paraphernalia of fun closed in the off-season, comes Dissy, the old woman's own daughter. She had been improving so much, the surveillance had so slacked off, that it was quite simple for her to walk away from the asylum and get on the bus marked "Carnival by the Sea."

Dissy produces an impact greater than she knows upon the old woman. Yet the girl does not find what she longs for, except perhaps in the gentle solicitude of Marty Noman, himself mad, the caretaker of the closed engines of amusement, who promises he will stay with her "always and always." "Look," she says to him, in the hall of tiny, duplicating mirrors, "there are thousands and thousands of us together."

These are some of the central elements in Miss de Lima's deft and delicate symbolic structure. What it means to the reader is a private matter. To this one it does not mean enough, being a contemporary form of wistful, ostensibly portentous, romanticism. With their several variations, Carson McCullers, Tennessee Williams, Truman Capote, and others approach life and people in a similar vein. Miss de Lima is certainly as good as any of them. They write of the psychically maimed with some perceptive truth, but with little, if any, indication that they are less than the whole world.

Miss de Lima's fine technical artistry continues its development in this, her third, novel. Her intricate weaving of many threads of time is skilful. Her portraits are vivid. The notable achievement of the book, not to be minimized by such reservations as I have, is the poignant, lacy beauty and tenderness of the gentle Dissy. Her work is that of a gifted writer.

—*Glidden.*

Sigrid de Lima—"fine technical artistry."

—*Elliott Erwitt.*

Simeone de Beauvoir—"unmistakable gifts."

Ruin from Rouen

"She Came to Stay," by Simone de Beauvoir *(World. 404 pp. $5), the earliest novel of one of the chief proponents of Existentialism, only now translated into English, tells of a curious triangle formed by a Parisian married couple and a young girl from Rouen.*

By Laurent LeSage

AFTER "The Blood of Others," which was published in 1948, we waited four years to read another work by Simone de Beauvoir in English. But since "The Second Sex" was bought so eagerly by Kinsey-minded Americans, we have been offered in rapid succession "The Marquis de Sade," "America Day by Day," and now "She Came to Stay." This last is an anonymous translation of "L'Invitée," her very first novel, published in France eleven years ago. Now that Mme de Beauvoir has won a large public here by sociological and psychological essays, it is a good idea to return to her novels, for despite her unmistakable gifts in other fields it is in fiction that she is most outstanding.

Simone de Beauvoir, as everybody knows, is a disciple of Jean-Paul Sartre and a faithful adherent to the variety of Existentialism known as the School of Paris. One of the particularities of the Existentialist philosophers has been, since Kierkegaard, to prefer to present their theses indirectly through novel or drama rather than to write formal treatises. Literature, in their hands, is turned from its traditional esthetic and ethical function to become an instrument of metaphysical inquiry. "She Came to Stay" is illustrative. Its themes coincide with the problems that preoccupy Existentialist thinkers: the dramatic awareness of existence, the irrationality of the real, engagement, anguish, solitude, and the conflict of the egoes. It is a phenomenological and an ontological study written by a professionally trained philosopher, a dissertation on a Hegelian hypothesis: "Each conscience seeks the death of the other."

The author chooses three characters for her demonstration: Françoise; her lover Pierre, a brilliant actor and producer; and Xavière, a girl whom Françoise has befriended and tried to create a life for in the theatrical circles of Paris. They act out a strange three-cornered drama of love and hate. Why Françoise tol-

(*Continued on page* 51)

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The Presidential Class

"The American President," by Sidney Hyman *(Harper. 342 pp. $4), is both a study of the forces and men that have given the office its importance and a consideration of what it may become in the future. Below it is reviewed by Peter H. Odegard, chairman of the political science department at the University of California, Berkeley.*

By Peter H. Odegard

"IT'S EASY enough to be President," said Admiral George Dewey. "All you have to do is to take orders from Congress."

This remark, even though apocryphal, states clearly the so-called "Whig" or Buchanan theory of the American Presidency. Sidney Hyman's "The American President" presents a sharp challenge to this Whig theory. In it Mr. Hyman argues that only the so-called Federalist or Hamiltonian theory of the Presidency—the theory of Washington, Jackson, and Lincoln, of Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, and Franklin Roosevelt—is compatible with the dignity, welfare, and even survival of the American nation in our contemporary world. For the President of the United States, he says, is and must be an independent coordinate branch of our Government with express, implied, and inherent powers of his own to promote the great ends set forth in the preamble to the Constitution. Moreover, it is in his person that political power and responsibility, so essential to democratic government, most clearly come to focus—for he alone is chosen by, speaks for, and is responsible to the entire nation.

If it be true that the English King (or Queen) *reigns* but does not *govern* and that the French President does neither, it may well be argued that the American President, an officer unique among the governments of the world, does both. However bitter the electoral campaign, the winning candidate becomes President not alone of his own partisans but of all the people. "We are all Federalists, we are all Republicans," said Jefferson at his own inaugural. And that, at least, has been the myth of every President from Washington to Eisenhower. Indeed, the degree to which a given President translates this myth into reality is one measure of his greatness. When the myth breaks down, as it did in 1861, and the rival forces stand at arms violent rebellion and civil war become the price of national salvation.

Mr. Hyman is concerned not only with a theory of the Presidency, but also with the structure and practice of Presidential leadership. Although the Constitution vests "the executive power" in the President—and presumably this includes *all* executive power normally found in any sovereign state—the Presidency in actual practice is denied the full measure of the Constitutional grant. For the President lacks full power over executive personnel; he lacks full power to organize the executive branch along lines most conducive to responsibility, economy, and efficiency; he has only limited control over the executive budget and lacks an item veto on appropriations—a power enjoyed by governors in two thirds of the states. Moreover, Congress and the Supreme Court have combined to place many critically important executive agencies beyond the reach of executive direction and control. Both the President's Committee on Administrative Management in 1939 and the more recent Hoover-Acheson Commission have sought to strengthen the President's hand in these areas. But presumably nothing can be done to protect the President from repeated Congressional invasions of his prerogatives and powers. Only strong and vigilant leadership in the White House can hope to stay the corrosive effects of the policies being promoted by the McCarthys and the Brickers in derogation of the power and dignity of the Presidency.

Sidney Hyman—"the myth into reality."

MR. Hyman quite rightly takes a dim view of the various proposals advanced to "relieve" the President of his monumental burdens. The delegation of power to the Vice President, having Cabinet members assume greater individual and collective responsibility, setting up a Cabinet secretariat or a council of elder statesmen—although designed to aid the President would in fact impair both his power and prestige. But the author, inconsistently it seems to me, looks with some favor upon greater Congressional participation in executive management. And this he does notwithstanding a clear recognition of how responsibility is obscured when Congress undertakes to invade this field. "Blame, wandering about like a displaced person, inevitably settles on the President when it has nowhere else to go."

Notwithstanding the popular myth to the contrary, every American boy and girl may *not* aspire to be President. The rugged requirements of what politicians call "availability" severely restrict the number who can qualify. Mr. Hyman's list of these limiting factors is impressive and a bit discouraging to potential Presidents. Physical beauty, a private life beyond reproach, residence in one of not more than a dozen Northern states, English in origin and background, Protestant in religion, military service, but with amateur standing, small-town loyalties and origin, training and experience in both law and politics (no businessmen need apply), and a middle-of-the-road frame of mind are on the list. Whether a candidate of German or Slavic or Mediterranean birth, Catholic in religion, urban in origin and loyalties, Southern in residence, and doctrinaire in tendency can be nominated and elected to the Presidency remains to be seen. Both Al Smith and Willkie challenged the classic pattern and it may be that in Eisenhower—professional soldier, Germanic background, and lacking in

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both legal and political experience—the mold has been cracked if not shattered. But, according to Mr. Hyman, so vigorous and numerous are the "talents" required that not more than 100 men in all America at any one time can hope to meet them. Not very pleasant news for any of us who have budding Presidents at home!

Notwithstanding the limitations and imperfections of the Presidency and the process by which Presidents are chosen—and Mr. Hyman suggests some measures of reform—the general verdict is one of pride and satisfaction in an institution that must surely rank among the great political inventions of the world. Although our range of choice has been limited and our standards none too exalted, we can take pride in the men who have held the office. This I find reassuring, for when we choose a President we pass judgment upon ourselves. In the Presidency, as in a mirror, the American people are reflected, good, bad, and indifferent. If, therefore, we were given to seek solace in these latter days, we might find comfort in the thought that in Eisenhower and Stevenson the American people cast up models of themselves—in which all the world may well take pride.

Even in time of great crises we have eschewed the unrelenting bitter-enders. As Mr. Hyman puts it, "Our Presidents, in the main, were all men of hope . . . there were no pathological haters among them who were driven in search for inner peace by a compulsion to lay waste all about them. . . . For though [the process of election] raises artificial bars against learning and genius its compensating tendency is this. *It has served the cause of limited government by thus far barring the Presidency to any of God's angry men.*"

Mr. Hyman's book is not the definitive work on the Presidency—no single volume can ever be. But it makes a substantial contribution to our understanding of this most important and baffling institution.

Soldiers and Federators

***"The Founding Fathers," by Nathan Schachner** (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 630 pp. $6), is an account of the first decade of the United States under the Federal Constitution. J. H. Powell, who reviews it here, is the author of "Bring Out Your Dead!" "Richard Rush," and other works on the early Republican period.*

By J. H. Powell

ONCE in our history the President of the United States actually went into the Senate chamber and presided over a debate. The experience was so trying, for President and Senators both, that it was never suffered to occur again.

Yet it was a reasonable thing; the Constitution required that the President should make treaties with the "advice and consent" of the Senate. And Washington could imagine no better way to secure "advice" than to sit with the Senators in their deliberations. Governor's councils had been the upper houses of all the colonial legislatures, and since 1776 of all the states, and these councils had frequently sat with the governors. It was a familiar American way. Obviously the framers of the Constitution had some such an arrangement in mind.

Late in August 1789, the weather very hot, the windows of Federal Hall open to the noise and dust of New York streets, and Senatorial tempers lamentably as short as the President's own, Washington entered the elegant hall. Little John Adams, the Vice President, gave up his official seat; next to Washington was placed a chair far too small for the huge, rotund, cheerful Henry Knox, the Secretary of War, and the President presented the problem, with Knox's recommendations, of the Indian troubles on our southern borders. There ensued two days of such tension and strain that at the end President Washington erupted out of the Senate chamber in a mighty anger, exclaiming that he would be damned if he would ever go back there again.

This was the brief history of the Senate's "advice" in treaty making. From that day on Presidents have made treaties first, then presented them for the Senate's consent.

Now the Indian troubles were very serious indeed; they were a crisis threatening the very survival of the new Government. But so was everything else a crisis, every issue a threat to nationhood. It seemed as if Washington, Congress, and the courts had to do their strenuous, delicate work of bringing the Constitution to life as an actual functioning government while they moved from one narrowly-averted disaster to the next. Twenty years later John Adams summed it up in one of his happy phrases, so useful now to historical writers: "The Government of the United States from 1789 to 1811 has been but a Company of Engine Men. Their constant Employment has been to Spout cold Water upon their own Habitation, built, if not of Hay and Stubble, with Wooden Timbers, boards, Clapboards, and Shingles . . ."

This particular Company of Engine Men had to build their Engine while they were pumping their water. They fashioned the United States Government in the years 1789 to 1801; they invented the art, the techniques, the skills of running it, they formed political parties, they stated and developed political ideals, while all the time they also governed the country. They, more than the men who wrote the Constitution in convention, were the real "Founding Fathers" of the American nation; and they founded much more than the structure of a government.

MR. SCHACHNER writes briskly, telling events of Washington's and Adam's Administrations chronologically as they occurred, letting one event interrupt another: the Census of 1790 thrusts irrelevantly into the midst of tense debates over funding

Cat

By Tom Burnam

EACH step precisely placed, no jot or tittle,
No fractioned ounce of energy expended
Beyond the careful calculated little
It takes to keep a splendid tail extended,
She walks, or glides, or delicately weaves
Across the vibrant grasses, through the leaves.
Yet see: her fur
Moves with her purr,
An airborne offering to the clumsy hand
That fills the food-bowl, lines the box with sand.

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the Federal debt. There is merit in this narrative method, for the confusion of a spate of events and incidents strikes the reader much as it must have struck a first Congressman who had to deal with each episode. The writing problem is very difficult. Mr. Schachner has to deal with Hamilton's program and its issues, Jefferson's diplomacy, the Indians at war in the West, British and French and Spanish policies, the Mississippi navigation, the Canadian border forts, Washington's effect upon people, the unfortunate personal story of Hamilton, with the Bank, the national capital, the China trade, the tobacco duties, shipping and tariffs and new mercantile fortunes, with all the social and political boilings that produced the first political parties.

And most of the great issues—the Jay treaty, Citizen Genêt, neutrality, the speculation mania, the XYZ affair, the Alien and Sedition Acts, the election of 1800—are well known from many tellings. Indeed, Mr. Schachner's greatest difficulty has been to show, in the midst of all this fast movement, what the general historical climax of his story really is. All the events that swept the Americans along tended in one direction—the downfall of the Federalists, defeated by a new phenomenon as important in its own sphere as the Constitution itself, namely, a nationally-organized political party. And while Schachner vividly presents the details of this climax, somehow the big point is obscured. The important sense I should be left with at the end of this book is not the bitter sadness of John Adams at his repudiation, but the knowledge that a system of national planning had been rejected, and one coherent view of what America was and should be repudiated. Nowhere in all the conflicts among Ames, Pickering, Hamilton, and Adams does it emerge that there was a genuine Federalist philosophy which attempted to answer the problems America raised and quiet the discontents the Democrat-Republicans fed upon.

This is a defect. It is a weakness in the plot of this volume, for in the history of a major conflict I should be convinced that both sides have a case and a cause, and feel either cheer or dismay at the outcome. The Federalists were engaging personalities, and as Professor Coker once remarked, they had the grace not to pretend they were Jeffersonians. But they should be taken seriously as political philosophers, too, even though they went down to defeat. It is, after all, in their image we have developed America, though we persist in employing the vocabulary of the Jeffersonians.

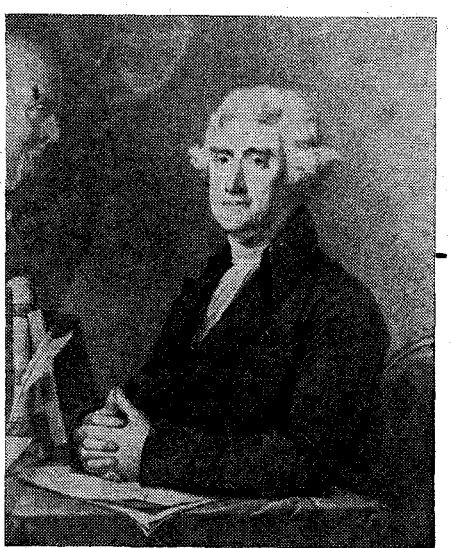
Hero of the Democracy

"The Head and Heart of Thomas Jefferson," by John Dos Passos *(Doubleday. 442 pp. $5), is a novelist's impressionistic essay about the social world in which our third President matured. Our reviewer, Adrienne Koch, is the author of "Jefferson and Madison: The Great Collaboration," and is at work on a book to be called "Philosophy for a Time of Crisis."*

By Adrienne Koch

JOHN Dos Passos's study of "The Head and Heart of Thomas Jefferson" is a very special work and makes emphatic the growing affection which America's greatest philosopher-statesman is coming to claim not only from his countrymen but from democrats the world over. The lanky, red-haired, soft-spoken Virginian whose philosophical mind, large heart, and stern conscience each brought something permanent to the American tradition has moved out of the realm of history books merely, into the illuminated art world of theatre, radio, poetry, and poetic fiction.

Mr. Dos Passos might possibly have written a novel about Thomas Jefferson. He chose, however, to write an impressionistic essay about Jefferson's social world, and while there is no noteworthy analysis of Jefferson's mind in this study, there are many summary insights and characterizations about Jefferson, his friends, co-workers, and teachers.



—Culver.

Jefferson—". . . what did [he] *say?*"

The particular vein of inquiry and contemplation that seems to attract Mr. Dos Passos is presumably the going world of a man named Jefferson. Very well. What was it like? Who peopled it? What were they saying, wearing, eating? What kinds of hotels did they put up in? What might the weather have been when Jefferson first viewed the English, the French, or the Italian countryside? And, finally, what did this man *say* he believed and what—roughly—did he do to make himself an imperishable symbol of Heart and Head for America? These are all indubitably interesting queries. Their answers, insofar as they are given here, are liable to come in the form of natural enough supposition (where facts do not suffice) or artfully flavored descriptions based upon Jefferson's telling phrases. Scenes flash by with something of the old "camera eye" quality. Jefferson saw this, heard that, caught the song of the nightingale, detected the greedy glints in the veiled eyes of European diplomats, lived, breathed, discussed late into the night with preceptors and colleagues and disciples and friends. One does not feel that here is the living Jefferson, but that here are some of the surrounding men and moments of an existence that mysteriously achieves integrity and character. The explicative nexus, however, the persuasive inner core of the man, remains remote—not here, but beyond the door. Jefferson *was* here, we are told, because we can see some of his marks. He learned natural philosophy, for example, from his William and Mary tutor, Dr. William Small (and here Dos Passos inevitably stops to cull all he can about that impressive young professor). In short, there is an observable effort to give us the human and social interstices in the Jefferson story; but the net effect is mechanical, only occasionally arresting, and often vitiated by its poverty of intellectual meaning.

ANOTHER way of stating the degree of disappointment this book inspires is to consider a few of the important occasions where the novelist's sensitivity fails to match his complex subject. First with regard to an episode

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Whose Is the Guilt?

IN America as well as Great Britain the untimely death of Dylan Thomas, perhaps the greatest lyric poet of his time, has shocked innumerable people who had never read his musical verses or listened in enchantment to the magic quality of his voice. And yet they were moved by an unknown name in a column on the obituary page of a newspaper, as if something rare and vital had vanished from the world. To many who had reason to know his value there came a sense of guilt. Why, they asked their conscience, had this Welshman died so young, as man's years count today, in a time when playrights and philosophers live to a ripe old age?

Was it the poet's fault, or was the society in which he lived to blame? "Poetry is an occupational disease," said one man. "Did not Keats's life end at twenty-six, Shelley's at thirty, and Byron's at thirty-six?" That sense of hidden guilt or even of shame cannot be so easily removed, for Keats died in Rome of an illness which today would have been cured, Shelley was drowned at sea, and Byron died of malaria in Greece. In the next generation both Browning and Tennyson died of an incurable disease, old age.

Dylan Thomas came from a hardy race of long-lived people who through the centuries have learned how to make peace with rural poverty. He was a schoolteacher when be began to compose his rhythmical stanzas that enchant the ear and perhaps too often bemuse the senses. His total published output is astonishingly small to have gained so great a reputation. He rewrote and polished his poems assiduously and certainly threw away more of his work than ever reached the printer. To the younger generation of British youths in college he became a legendary figure, the very voice and accent of a musical race, singing of nature and love and the strife of men, of man's hope and his despair.

He was a family man who loved his wife and children and his small house overlooking the ancient hills, as anyone must know who has read his tender and beautiful recital of a Christmas Eve at home. Once that was enough for the vast majority of mankind. And he had more than that! A poet may have a paunch and a bald head; Dylan Thomas was the poet incarnate. He was a genius, and he was given the voice and the looks to match his kingship. He believed in himself as a poet, and in poetry as necessary to life as the air we breathe. What more could man want from life, the ordinary man might ask as he goes about his worldly affairs?

IT IS said that he was "wild and generous, flamboyant, unpredictable, religious, ribald, and thirsty." Perhaps it was his exuberance, his thirst for life a Welsh cottage could not quench, which led him to London and New York, to pubs and bars and alien platforms from which he recited his poetry, and, of course, to radio and television and the theatre. But it is even more likely that there are few men of genius brought up in the country, living on meager fare, who can today resist the temptations that are offered them. Money, of course, is the root of all evil, or it used to be considered so. Was it pounds and dollars he sought, a knowledge of the outer world, or the flattery of foreign audiences? Time and his increasing fame would have brought him an income he could not have imagined in his youth; he knew all a poet needs to know of human nature; he must have despised flattery and the shallow critical essays, naming him a symbolist, a surrealist, or an existentialist. Perhaps, today, only a few men of genius can escape the nets cast to trap them with gold and applause for bait. Now we are permitted to know that he drank too much, a common failing among too many gifted writers. But this one man should have escaped, for the world is poorer for his loss. Alas, this was not the way Dylan Thomas should have ended his life. Our society is guilty of his death; not the poet. —H. S.

Frederick Lewis Allen

IN THE DEATH on February 13 of Frederick Lewis Allen the publishing world lost one of its most loved and respected editors and American letters a distinguished popular historian. A New Englander by birth, the son of a minister who had been an assistant of Phillips Brooks at the famous Trinity Church in Boston, Mr. Allen displayed throughout his career a profound and vivid concern with the morals, the mores, and the politics of his country. As an editor he had the all-essential quality of being able to gauge before the event the cause or subject that was to become of interest to the public with the result that he made *Harper's Magazine* not only the repository of good literature but a forum for discussion of ideas and affairs. A man of lively, if quiet, humor, of quick understanding, and of unaffected friendliness, he endeared to himself a long list of contributors. When he stepped out of the editorship of *Harper's* some months ago the affection and admiration in which he was held were given expression at a dinner in his honor at which Mr. Allen, himself on occasions the most delightful of masters of ceremony, responded in a speech setting forth his editorial aims and creed. To the general public he was known principally for his books, and especially for the trio "Only Yesterday," "Since Yesterday," and "The Big Change," in which he reviewed with exceeding deftness the recent annals of the country. Mr. Allen compressed into these volumes a vast mass of facts, but he gave them life by the vivacity of his style and meaning by weaving them into a coherent pattern of national attitudes and behavior. And though he never flinched in his portrayals from the less admirable aspects of recent American history he remained to the end an optimist. The general public as well as his friends will miss him sorely. —A. L.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

REBELLIOUS RUSSIANS?

FRANK ROUNDS, JR., in reviewing "Our Secret Allies," by Eugene Lyons, states that "ever since the rebellion in the early seventeenth century the Russian people, in one way or another, have revolted against enslavement" [*SR* Feb. 6].

While I agree with Rounds that rebellions were nothing uncommon in Russia, it seems to me that he either uses "enslavement" in a different semantic way or that he should not have used the word at all. So far as I know Russian history, it appears to me that it was not serfdom the Russian peasant was revolting against time and again over a period of many centuries; for serfdom the peasant took for granted. It was the exploitation and the extreme misery, having built up enough pressure, that finally exploded. While the Russian peasant had his misery in common with his Western counterpart, he did not have the latter's perseverance, ambition, and intelligence (as, indeed, Russia was the last illiterate country in Europe) to cope with his problems efficiently.

HANS A. ILLING.

Los Angeles, Calif.

SABER-TOOTHED AUTOS

EVER SINCE I REPRESENTED the infant Christ in a Christmas pageant I have tried to imagine what the Master might think of our man-made environment of today—if He could but return to earth.

I am sure that He would be grieved to see motorcars bearing various puncture instruments and semi-knife-edge motifs used as radiator ornaments. Several years ago a writer in a national magazine, a policeman, condemned such ornaments as a demonstrated menace to pedestrians thrown up over the hoods of cars, but nothing, as far as I am aware, has been done toward removing these symbolic blights on human capacity to reason.

If we can save only fifty lives each year by removing dangerous radiator ornaments from cars this accomplishment is worthwhile. If only twelve lives are saved, twelve lives are worthwhile. We need all the sanity we can muster.

DONALD J. LUNDIN.

Hollywood, Calif.

ATLANTIC UNION'S STRENGTH

AS A MEMBER OF THE Atlantic Union Committee and a former director of the Washington office of the American Association for the United Nations, I wish to point out what appears to be a basic fallacy in the sixth of Grenville Clark's "Twelve Propositions for Reasonable Men" [*SR* Dec. 26].

Mr. Clark states that an Atlantic Union "would be of such great power as to overshadow the United Nations. It is hard to see how it would make for disarmament or lessened tension; and it would tend, I believe, to confirm and perpetuate the chasm between East and West."

To argue that the increased power of an Atlantic Union would produce these results is to argue that any increase in the power and unity of the Atlantic democracies would produce the same results in lesser degree. Yet our policy since the start of the Cold War has been to increase the power and unity of these nations. As responsible officials have frequently pointed out, a "situation of strength" is necessary not only to deter aggression, but also to make possible a settlement with the Soviet Union. Unless this policy is unsound, hopes of eventual disarmament depend upon creating and maintaining such a "situation of strength."

An Atlantic Union would create a greater "situation of strength" than these nations can create separately, as Mr. Clark recognizes. Consequently, unless our Government's policy is unsound, such a Union would improve the prospects of an East-West settlement and eventual disarmament. The contention that an Atlantic Union would diminish such prospects could be valid only if achievement of these two goals could be promoted by Atlantic weakness and disunity.

LIVINGSTON HARTLEY.

Washington, D. C.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"It's a nice enough picture of a boy, Mr. Gainsborough—but that ghastly blue!"

DREGS AND CURDLED BRAINS

MELVILLE CANE IS VALIANT and, one hopes, correct in his prediction that poetry will return to a warmer emotional, if lower intellectual, level ["Are Poets Returning to Lyricism?" *SR* Jan. 16].

People are already saturated with the concept of mental power. If intellect spills over to coat emotions, as it so arrogantly does in much verse now, the result is a horrendous brew, dregs of feeling topped with curdled brains.

So magazine and newspaper editors remark with regret that no one wants to read poetry. One wishes that the august molders of public opinion might quit burying their talents, and mold. If they were brave, provided fresh verse that was simple and sweet, the public appetite for wholesome food might astound them.

Even if circulation does not mushroom because of it, and this is unlikely, periodicals that offer readers poetry, even verse, in tasty bits, gain virtue, strength.

HELEN FAULKNER.

San Mateo, Calif.

FULL-PRICE MAN

HERE'S A GRIPE ABOUT publishers: book advertisements that announce a certain price plus "a few pennies postage" or "a few cents packing and mailing charge." That sort of thing drives me away from a purchase of any kind. I buy quite a few books but mostly through my book dealer in Philadelphia, who—incidentally—never charges me any postage. However, occasionally I see an ad for something that I would send for except for those darned "few pennies." There is no reason why postage and handling charges can't be averaged and added in an open manner—Book $3.75; Postage and Handling 25¢; total $4.00. The pennies aren't a financial bother to anyone; it's just that the publishers seem to fear that the full price might kill a sale. I say Hooey! They kill more sales by not stating the full price.

LEWIS A. CONWELL.

Wayne, Pa.

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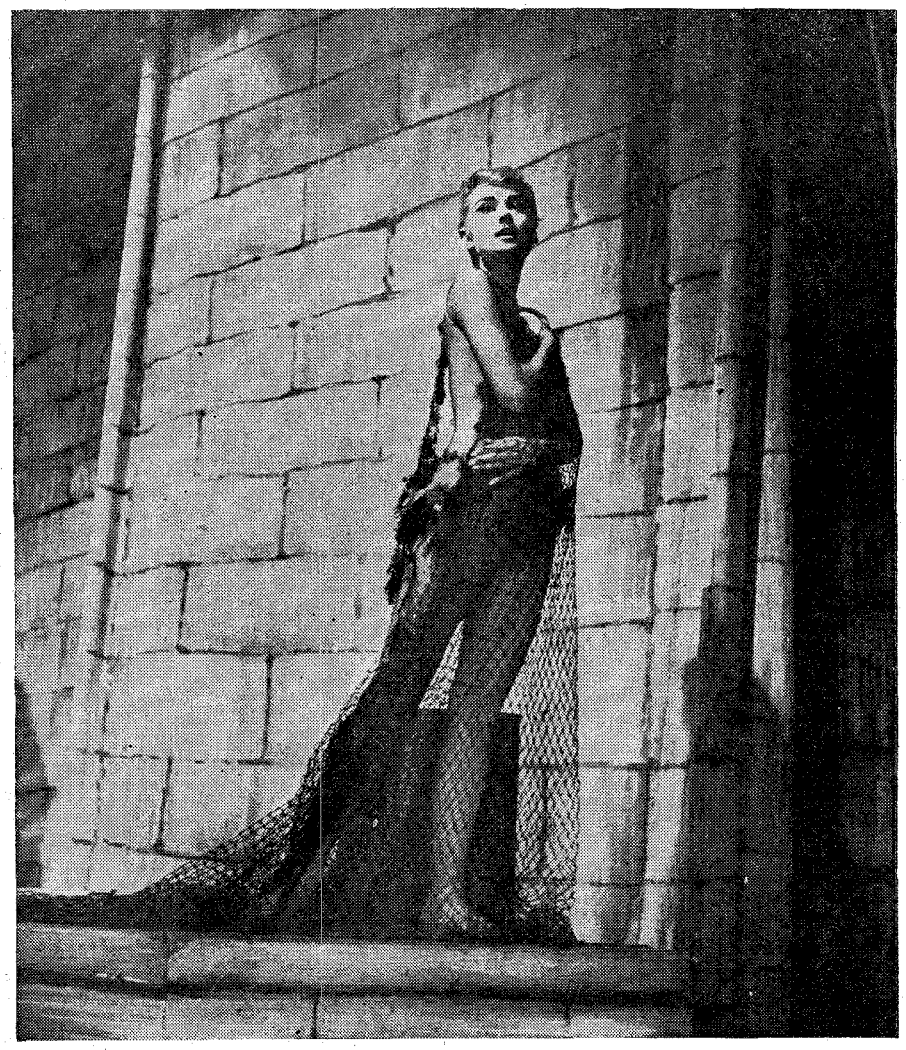

Audrey Hepburn—"her scurryings about the stage are joyous and refreshing."

THE BROADWAY production of "Ondine" is making a spectacle of itself. Fortunately for all concerned, it is a pretty good spectacle and, unlike this season's other French imports, the Giraudoux fantasy should run at least four months.

The principal reasons for "Ondine's" success are Alfred Lunt's meticulous direction and Audrey Hepburn, whom one wit called "Miss Rhine-gold of 1954." Mr. Lunt, abetted by scene-designer Peter Larkin and costume-designer Richard Whorf, makes the whole business resemble a deluxe edition of a volume of German fairy tales. As for Giraudoux's lines, passed on to us competently if not inspiredly by Maurice Valency, they are articulated as if they had been dubbed in by a stern schoolmistress. This makes for a rather unsympathetic correctness and causes one to concentrate on the visual aspects of the production. The humor is clear and unsubtle enough not to be missed by anyone. And, above all, Mr. Lunt has had the intelligence to capitalize on Miss Hepburn's ballet training.

In a way this is extremely wise, for this is only Miss Hepburn's second dramatic role in the theatre, and "Ondine" rather depends on the performance of its heroine. And what Miss Hepburn gives us is in every sense of the word a performance and not a piece of acting. This is not to discredit Miss Hepburn, who has earned the superlatives heaped on her by all the daily critics, but rather to clarify what it is that this clever youngster does. Her angular boyish stance, her tall erect posture, and her nimble leaps and scurryings about the

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stage are joyous and refreshing. Her speeches, while overarticulated and delivered with too much help from the eyebrows, are well projected and stated with veteran poise.

YET in one's private orison one would pray to see "Ondine" acted with more subtlety and shades of feeling. For the Giraudoux play of the water nymph who falls in love with a human being is one that must both capture the heart and poke fun at the mind if it is to stand up as a piece of drama. Here Miss Hepburn and the production are deficient. Perhaps if Miss Hepburn could join a repertory company as Claire Bloom has she would gradually acquire the acting skill to go with her performing talents. As it is, she is faced with being a star rather than becoming one, and her producers are faced with staging the plays she is in to suit her special assets.

The producers of "Ondine" have had another problem—how to put the film star Mel Ferrer into the role of the knight-errant created by the late Louis Jouvet. The result is not happy. This character is meant to represent the human being with all his faults and virtues, but Mr. Ferrer makes him into a nonentity. Since the remainder of the cast (with the exception of Marian Seldes, who has a couple of fine moments as Bertha) do not stand out very much either, one must credit the flatness at least partly to the approach taken to this production. While one applauds its clarity and style, one laments its lack of dramatic content. Audrey Hepburn and "Ondine" make a startlingly pleasant picture, but they leave oceans of room for a good actress to do a revival of the play in, I hope, the not too distant future.

—HENRY HEWES.

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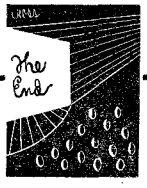

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

With Huston in Italy

IN **"Beat the Devil"** John Huston just about succeeds in creating a perfect parody on the kind of mystery adventure film that first brought him fame. "The Maltese Falcon" was tough and fast, but played straight. "Beat the Devil" is equally taut, equally tough, but played for laughs. The two films present an amusing, and presumably not unconscious, parallel of character types right down the line. Humphrey Bogart, though not a "private eye" here, is still the ruggedly independent and self-sufficing individual caught up in a bewildering cross-current of thieves and scoundrels. Peter Lorre is back as the sinister henchman of the gang's mastermind, Robert Morley (an inspired substitution for the late Sidney Greenstreet); and there is even a bloodthirsty, Fascist-minded major, admirably played by Ivor Barnard, who bears a striking resemblance to Elisha Cook, Jr.'s memorable "punk" in the earlier film. A blondined Jennifer Jones, beautiful Gina Lollobrigida, and Edward Underdown as a high-minded but dim-witted Englishman are the principals involved.

All of them work together, under Huston's direction, with a deft assurance and singleness of purpose that make the film a consistent delight. Truman Capote, who wrote the screenplay with Huston, was recalling recently the three hectic months he spent on the production and more or less explained the aura of good feeling that pervades the picture. "We all lived together," he said, "in a villa near Ravello, a world all to ourselves. We thought of nothing but the picture in all that time, and loved every minute of it." Actually, Huston had asked Capote to come down from Rome for a few days to lend a hand in adapting the James Helvick novel to the screen. "When I got there," Capote continued, "I found the story impossible as it stood, a straight and rather incredible melodrama. Both John and I felt that the best thing to do was to kid the story as we went along. The only trouble was that shooting had to begin the following week. So we told everybody what we were going to do, establishing the style of the picture from the outset, and then I set to work on the script. As it turned out, I was rarely more than two or three days ahead of the shooting schedule with my scenes."

Some of this hasty construction is observable in the completed film. (Capote also explained that about forty minutes had finally been cut from the film as irrelevant—including, inevitably, a number of his favorite scenes.) In addition, the parody of a familiar form is not easy to achieve on the screen, not easy for an audience to comprehend. As a result, until both the characters and the character of the film itself become firmly established the scenes frequently seem choppy and curiously unresolved. Everything is well in focus, however, by the time the crooks, counter-crooks, and assorted dupes set sail for Africa to stake out some fabulous uranium deposits, and from that point on the story becomes progressively more screwball and hilarious. Capote's dialogue, often highly amusing, is especially helpful in defining the characters as they whirl through the story. The irascible major, for example, is provided with lines that make him properly fearsome as well as terribly funny, while each of the minor roles has been sketched in with rare wit and economy. Huston, obviously enjoying himself as much as anyone in the company, has introduced any number of ingeniously playful devices to keep his story moving brightly along (as having Jennifer Jones go through some charmingly irrelevant setting-up exercises while chatting about love with Gina Lollobrigida). And Southern Italy has provided its most glorious maritime scenery as a background for this romp, captured at times with a tonal subtlety and freshness of composition that recall Cartier-Bresson's Spanish pictures. "Beat the Devil" may not be Huston's best, but it's a mighty delectable entertainment.

* * *

Two new entries from England both feature, oddly enough, girlish Peggy Cummins—a somewhat belated British version of the bobby-soxer—and stolid Terence Morgan. **"Always a Bride,"** the brighter of the two, is a tale of love among the light-fingered set on the French Riviera. Morgan plays a British Treasury agent deployed in Nice and Cannes to make certain that holidaying Englishmen spend no more than the £40 their Government permits them to take out of the country. Miss Cummins, part of a confidence ring, holds diametrically opposite views until love beckons. Their off-again, on-again affair is hardly original, but much of the footage is given over to a delightfully shady gallery of portraits by Ronald Squire, Marie Lohr, Geoffrey Sumner, and James Hayter, who succeed in making the film, if not really worth seeing, at least not too great a bore while they are on the screen . . . **"Both Sides of the Law"** is another of those cross-section stories that seem so to intrigue the British.

This time the setting is the Chelsea Police Station, headquarters for London's policewomen. Out of the procession of petty thieves and prostitutes that shuffle to and from the sergeant's desk the film singles out for special attention a young shoplifter (Peggy Cummins) and a deserter from the Women's Army (Eleanor Summerfield). As if *their* lives weren't tangled enough, the picture also explores the loves and frustrations of a number of policewomen. Obviously, none of these characters can be developed sufficiently to matter very much, and the film soon falls into a flat semi-documentary style that even a wildly melodramatic chase finale fails to alter.

* * *

Producer Samuel Goldwyn is currently re-releasing, with all the care and attention normally lavished upon a new picture, his prize-winning **"Best Years of Our Lives"** (1946). Far from feeling dated, this story of returning G.I.'s and their readjustment to peacetime pursuits seems every bit as pertinent to our post-Korean present. But what makes a re-seeing of "Best Years" so astonishing is the fact that it attacks its subject with a boldness and directness that, in these more cautious days, seems almost to have disappeared from the screen. Already a classic of expert picture-making, this forthright approach to real-life problems and people lends it a freshness and vitality that belie its years . . . New Yorkers who have been following censorship tangles in recent months are probably aware that Max Ophuls' sparkling version of Arthur Schnitzler's **"La Ronde"** has at last been cleared for public exhibition in their state. Sophisticated, witty, and wholly adult (and reviewed *in extenso* in *SR* Nov. 10, 1951), the film scintillates with deft performances by an all-star French cast and the heady Viennese waltzes of Oscar Straus. Its distributors, wisely, have booked it into not one, but *two* New York theatres to make up for lost time.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Bartok by Cantelli, Dorati; Other Events

LIFE for Guido Cantelli these days may be described as one orchestra after another—without leaving Carnegie Hall. After completing a month and a week with the NBC Symphony he began another spell with the Philharmonic-Symphony. Same podium, same hall, same conductor; but not exactly the same results. Of course, it wasn't the same kind of audience either; and the Philharmonic subscribers may be harder to stimulate than the NBC "guests."

However, after half an evening of feeling each other out in a Gabrieli "Canzon" for double-brass quartet and Bartok's "Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta," the Philharmonic and Cantelli found a common ground in one of the best performances of the Brahms first symphony I have heard in some time. For one thing, the orchestra had a springy, vibrant, truly centered sound which was purity itself and decidedly advantageous to the Brahms instrumentation. It was a kind of sound that seemed to be built around the solo horn playing of James Chambers, which was beautiful in all the exposed places. Nobody had to force and the strings shone as they rarely do.

Philosophically, this was the Toscanini kind of Brahms—by which I mean it had an inner illumination rather than an outward pressure, and there was always lightness with the mass. Temperamentally, however, it was decidedly Cantelli's own, with a superior feeling for cantillena wherever it showed itself, plenty of dramatic impulse, and—gratefully—no faking for a Big Effect. I don't say it was perfect—the last portion of the second movement was not quite in balance, and violinist John Corigliano seemed rushed in his arpeggios—but it was a conception soundly conceived and remarkably conveyed to the players.

Another visiting conductor of the week was Antal Dorati, who brought the Minneapolis Symphony to Carnegie Hall for the first time since he took over its direction in 1950. Harking back to the way it sounded when it was last here under the direction of Dimitri Mitropoulos, Dorati has given a kind of resonance and luster to the sound that it did not have then.

There were, necessarily, variations of values in the playing of Mozart's G minor symphony, three excerpts from Berg's "Lulu," and the Bartok "Concerto for Orchestra" (I did not hear the "Italiana in Algeri" overture), but it was all decidedly musical, tightly organized, and confidently delivered. Probably this program has been labored over for the purpose of being impressive, but I thought the two final movements of the Mozart were vigorous without being overpowering, the Berg patterns were soundly projected, and the Bartok struck a truer level of sonority than the Cantelli two days later. With Dorati the rhythmic patterns were flexible, consecutive, and cumulative in effect; with Cantelli the contrasts were more abrupt, rigid, and disjointed.

I HAVE heard the Amadeus Quartet "live" on two occasions: in Amsterdam a few years ago and in Town Hall a few days ago. On both occasions they impressed me (as they have in the best of their numerous recordings) as not merely one of the most accomplished quartets of the day, but one with the greatest promise for the future. In between they had an inauspicious New York debut last year in the MacMillan Theatre on the campus of Columbia University. Whatever the cause for the indifferent impression left then, it was probably responsible for the hardly half a hall of listeners who turned out for the more recent program.

That is not likely to happen again, for the Amadeus playing of the Haydn C major Quartet (Opus 54, No. 2) was a model of integration and expression, with Norbert Brainin leading a reading full of fine sound and loving expression. At the outset the balance was not all it might have been, but the two adagios were hardly surpassable in justice and musicality. Though I am acquainted with most of the frequently performed Haydn quartets, this one had escaped me previously. Thus, it was a special pleasure to come to know it under such favorable circumstances, for it is a work of singular fantasy, including the slow-fast-slow finale, with its variant on the same idea that Haydn wove into "Mit wurde und Hoheit," the tenor solo in "The Creation." This final program of the Concert Society's first season also included seven dull duets by Brahms, sung with musicality and excellently blended sound by Phyllis Curtin, soprano, and Alice Howland, mezzo. However, all of Paul Ulanowsky's prodding from the piano could not make these girls take other than their own sweet time.

Due, no doubt, to a period of inactivity for Regina Resnick which has left the Metropolitan without a replacement for Astrid Varnay, Margaret Harshaw has learned the role of Sieglinde in "Die Walküre" during recent weeks and sang it for the first time at the end of February. It is more customary for Wagnerian sopranos to progress from mortal to goddess than vice versa, but, in the immortal words of Cole Porter, "anything goes" these days in opera.

Trouble is Miss Harshaw can only go so far, so fast. I have every respect for her serious purpose and the soundness of her accomplishments, but Sieglinde should be to some degree a romantic figure—about the only one in the "Ring"—who is impulsive enough to drug her husband's sleep on behalf of a young man she has barely known a half-hour. I doubt if the Sieglinde Miss Harshaw was portraying would have done this for another act, at least, but she produced a powerful sound for the climaxes, if hardly the rapture or warmth for such passages as "Du bist der Lenz." Lubomir Vichegenov sang a very good Hunding and Hans Hotter a striking but vocally quavery Wotan.

Two more exposures to Gino Penno have added no little to the impressions of his Alvaro in "La Forza del Destino," and the total, if decidedly favorable, shows some traits which might have serious consequences if not corrected. Both his Manrico and his Radames were imposing in figure and conceived along musical lines, but each was marred by a lack of control in the middle of the voice, at mezzo forte, which made for unpleasant listening. Actually, his "Celeste Aida" was rather messy and inaccurate for lack of ability to sound a proper D natural that would establish the key as major rather than minor.

However, he had all the fulness wanted in the top voice, and the characterization improved as the evening progressed. The Aida was Herva Nelli, singing with increasing confidence and the kind of quality that makes her an exceptional Verdian soprano. In the "Trovatore," Penno was somewhat at a loss, among Milanov, Barbieri, and Warren, for the skills needed to protect himself in the in-fighting.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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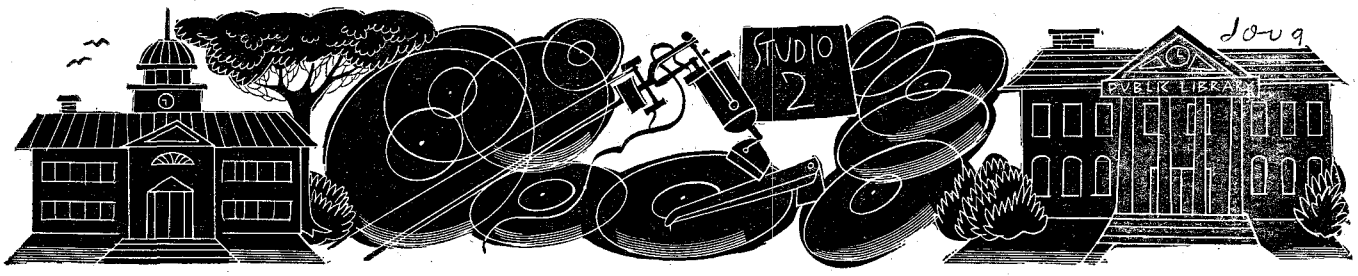

From Campus, Studio and Library

By IRVING KOLODIN

AS A CONSUMER of records, the campus has had a long and influential history in making possible the production, by commercial companies, of material that might otherwise never have become generally available. Scratch almost any current record reviewer and you will find an erstwhile grouser about the "big companies" who has converted a long-standing enthusiasm into a career.

However, it is only with the development of magnetic tape and the long-playing record that the campus has begun to take its logical place as the producer, as well as the consumer, of records. Many colleges have affiliated radio stations to provide them with the engineering skills required for the recording; even more have music departments, from which talent and ideas can be drawn; and the widespread development of the university presses provides a corollary in an older established area for the production and sale of merchandise in the newer.

This brings to bear a relationship reflected in a recent editorial statement by the *Boston Post* in which it was said that the invention of the long-playing microgroove record could be considered as much a stimulant to the distribution of music as Gutenberg's press was to the distribution of books. They belong together and obviously are destined to a common future.

However, a recent survey of this field by *SR* disclosed that there are numerous factors to be reckoned with in the manufacture and distribution of records which are not encountered in the publication of books. First and foremost, of course, is the baleful shadow of the American Federation of Musicians, personified by its famed ogre, James C. Petrillo. In one reply it was stated:

> We have had no problems as far as the project itself is concerned. However, our chief difficulty seems to be one of getting the information to the public. Naturally, Mr. Petrillo will not allow us to place these recordings on the market, commercially speaking. We are willing to abide by his decision; however, it would be helpful if there were some way to list these non-commercial recordings. I have approached all possible sources and they in turn tell me that they cannot list our recordings since they are not available over the counter.

Just why a University School of Music need consider the opinion of a Petrillo might be deemed mysterious, save that this institution was enterprising enough to seek out Leopold Stokowski to give its performance a gloss of quality. Presumably one would imagine that, having satisfied himself that his company-of-contract (RCA Victor) had no objections, Stokowski would be a free agent to do as he chose. But the possibility of a reprisal, however ill-founded, lingers, even if it makes no more sense than Petrillo's restriction regarding the participation of American conductors or instrumentalists in European recordings.

It may be for this reason that most of the sample products that have come our way from the universities tend to favor organ music, chamber music, or vocal music—none performed by persons subject to Petrillo's whims. They are, of course, also more easily organized into kinds of activities related to a college program. As an instance of direct sponsorship, there is a worthy project involving the organ preludes and fugues of a pre-Bach master, Vincent Lübeck, produced by the University of Oklahoma. Mildred Andrews is a wholly qualified player for this literature, she performs on an excellent organ in the First Presbyterian Church of Kilgore, Texas, and the technical work bears comparison with the best professional standards. On the second side Miss Andrews plays works of Walter Piston, Ernst Krenek, and Roger Sessions, not known except to specialists, but all de-

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sirable additions to the literature of contemporary works on records.

As much may be said of another University of Oklahoma recording of Roy Harris's Trio (1934), a work of similar scope by Harrison Kerr, and Aaron Copland's "Vitebsk." Here the performers are the University of Oklahoma Trio, whose members are Robert Gerle, violin, Gabriel Magyar, cello, and Keith Wallingford, piano. They are all presently faculty members of the School of Music of the University of Oklahoma, and they have obviously given close attention to the needs of the music they play. Save for a little unbalance in the microphoning, this is also well recorded.

THE Stokowski recording mentioned above was reviewed in these pages last summer, but may be mentioned again in the context of this survey. It is Monteverdi's "Vespro della Beata Vergine," a sumptuous creation for chorus, vocal quartet, organ, and orchestral instruments, all provided by the University of Illinois at Urbana. Stokowski shapes it with a practised hand derived from his own days as organist and choral director. It will be interesting to extend further comparisons when a European version sponsored by London appears shortly.

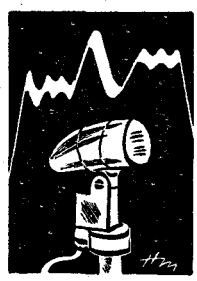
Whatever the reason for this boom in Monteverdi, the name of Samuel Scheidt remains one limited to a label called Overtone, on which Luther Noss, chairman of the Department of Music of Yale College, is the performer. Scheidt was a famous organist-composer who enjoyed more celebrity in his lifetime than a contemporary named J. S. Bach. I can't say that these chosen works from his "Tabulatura Nova" make the reason for this clear, but it is music with a sound of its own which is well worth hearing. I don't profess to know the traditions of Baroque performance, but Noss impresses me as a performer of taste, and the organ of the Holtkamp Organ of Battell Chapel on the Yale campus is well suited to its present use.

Overtone, of New Haven, demonstrates another pattern in the manufacture and distribution of campus-derived recordings. In addition to the Scheidt disc, it has processed choral music performed by members of the choir of the Yale Divinity School, some notable chorale works (including Monteverdi's famous "Lagrime d'Amante al Sepolcro dell'Amata") performed by the Collegium Musicum of Yale University under the direction of Paul Hindemith, an Alessandro Scarlatti setting of the "Passion according to St. John," and several works of Buxtehude.

Something of the same system operates at Harvard, where the brand name is Cambridge. It has produced an impressive group of Giovanni Gabrieli motets for brass choir, organ, and voices, the latter supplied by the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society. This is sonorous matter, ably disciplined by G. Wallace Woodworth. On the same label, and with Daniel Pinkham again assisting at the organ, the choral groups give lilt and zest to some early "Chansons" (Lassus, Arcadelt, and Regnart) as well as more contemporary matter by Debussy.

Other areas show other trends. The University of Rochester, through its celebrated Eastman School of Music, has done more perhaps than any single institution in the country to create a catalogue of American music on records. Those versed in the subject are well acquainted with its distinguished contributions to the labels of RCA Victor, Columbia, and Mercury. This is outside the common pattern, though well worth remarking as an instance of the importance such a venture can develop. Cornell, on the other hand, has become synonymous with its recordings of natural voices, first with a celebrated series of bird songs, more recently with a provocative series of frog calls. If these are less conducive to esthetic evaluation, they were no less the product of enterprise and considerable planning.

At its Center for Mass Communications, Columbia University has concentrated on materials to be used in other teaching activities, either in the classroom or over the air: "Little Songs about U.N.," "It Never Dawned on Me" (a discussion of the hidden aspects of syphilis), etc. Out in Hawaii the University of Honolulu has taken the lead in solving a local problem through the preparation of "A Recorded Aid to Speech Improvement in Hawaii" and explored other areas of practical utility for its tape recording and broadcasting facilities. Dartmouth has also done considerable speech recording in both senses of the word: recordings of teachers at various universities throughout the country reading poetry, drama, and prose; and recordings of speeches delivered on the campus by notable visitors. Also, the Baker Library Archives Department is sponsoring a series of LP recordings of the lectures of Professor Rosenstock-Huessy of its Philosophy Department. There could, indeed, be a valuable precedent here in the establishment of audible lectures in which celebrated authorities would continue to have direct contact with students after their own retirement. Also active in some form of recording, or watching the programs of others with an eye to instituting one of their own, are the University of Toronto, the University of Minnesota, and the University of Pennsylvania.



The Columbia concept of "Mass Communications" may be, in the long run, one that will engage more and more recording effort. A private venture in that direction which is worth the attention of music lovers is a lively but intensely informative discussion of the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto by the famous Louis Persinger, first teacher of Yehudi Menuhin, Ruggiero Ricci, and others. This is a product of the Stradivarius label, as suits its preoccupation with matters violinistic. It is meant, of course, for the advanced student, and really amounts to a master class (as it is rightly called) in Mendelssohn. However, many music lovers will be absorbed by Persinger's idea on phrasing, accent, dynamics, etc., which amount to a sermon on the importance of taste in musical execution. Persinger expresses himself fluently, in a voice that is pleasant to hear, and he plays his own illustrations well enough to make his points perfectly apparent. Each record includes a copy of the printed music, edited by the speaker.

A FINAL, and reasonably prolific, source of uncommon recording is the Library of Congress. Through its Recording Laboratory in the Division of Music it has preserved considerable quantities of folk songs either recorded in the field or by such specialists as Judge Learned Hand, who participates in a disc of "Songs and Ballads of American History and of the Assassination of Presidents," edited by Duncan B. M. Emrich. Judge Hand recorded his versions of "Phil Sheridan" and "The Iron Merrimac" in 1942, and he can be cited as being in very good voice for pronouncing sentence on the immortality of these songs.

Having begun with Lübeck and progressed to Learned Hand, it is evident that no narrow conception of the utility of the record is involved. There are functions of it which can be served as well or better by a university than by a commercial company, as well as vice versa. In the chain of communication, this discussion aims to strengthen the weakest of the links—between producer and consumer, sender and receiver.

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BETWEEN THE GROOVES

A Silver Lining to Jazz Reissues

DON'T look too hard, but some recent and relatively unheralded events in the recording world may shortly bring a crop of jazz reissues luxurious beyond the most optimistic hope. In the wake of Decca's successful establishment of Coral as an independently distributed subsidiary label, both RCA Victor and Columbia are contemplating the same thing. In both cases, jazz reissues will play a strong part in building the new catalogues.

Some background may be in order. All the "majors" have been tempted by LP and EP, but their response has been of various sorts. From Decca and its subsidiary, Brunswick, we have had transfers of things mostly processed for reissue as 78-rpm albums. RCA has made a few disjointed stabs, without appearing to know just where its target was. Columbia has sensed the possibilities inherent in LP as a medium for jazz reissues with its carefully edited and annotated extensive reviews of the careers of Louis Armstrong, Bessie Smith, and Bix Biederbecke.

But even a pleasing profit from these has not made the program a really flourishing one: it is still a part-time work for George Avakian, to be cared for when other projects permit. Recently he has been concentrating on a Mildred Bailey project, of which a complicating factor is the deterioration of some highly important metal parts. Collectors who may happen to have Bailey Vocalions which are suitable for dubbing are earnestly requested to make the facts known to Avakian. He is not optimistic—a tribute to the pleasure Bailey fans have derived from their played and replayed discs.

However, RCA's establishment of "Label X" and Columbia activation of the Epic series may have surprising consequences for connoisseurs of the older jazz. In the case of X, its reissue program is of such awesome scope that, if carried through, it would put back in circulation almost all of the more worthwhile jazz that Victor and Bluebird have recorded, along with much curiosa long unavailable.

As now outlined, X will take the jazz reissue plunge late in March with ten ten-inch LP's, to be followed by one LP at two-week intervals. The first series promises one by Jelly Roll Morton and his Red Hot Peppers and another by Bennie Moten's Kansas City Band, each foreshadowing other releases from the same repertory. A disc attributed to Eddie Condon's Hot Shots will embrace Jack Teagarden's "That's a Serious Thing" and "I'm Gonna Stomp Mr. Henry Lee," also the famous sides with Coleman Hawkins and Red MacKenzie, whose titles include "One Hour," "Hello Lola," "Tailspin Blues," etc.

Others to be represented include Jimmie Lunceford, Johnny Dodds, Rex Stewart leading an Ellington coterie, and the Ben Pollack Band, in which Teagarden, Benny Goodman, Jimmy McPartland, and Glenn Miller occasionally shone. "Backgrounds of Jazz" is another heading meant to initiate a series. Jug bands will be heard on the first, to be followed by future releases documenting skiffle bands, country-style blues singers, and other fringe matter.

Few jazz enthusiasts may be able to digest this rich fare within a fortnight, but, ready or not, a disc by Fletcher Henderson's Connie's Inn Orchestra will be in the stores two weeks later, to be followed by LP's devoted to Wingy Mannone, Mezz Mezzrow, King Oliver, Jean Goldkete, the Missourians, Gene Gifford, Gene Krupa, Mildred Bailey, etc. At that, it is but a part of the new use planned for Victor's files. Another continuing program will start, on the RCA Victor label, in April. Over here comes (they say) a record-a-month in two categories—a jazz reissue and something else "popular." In the first priority goes to Lionel Hampton; in the second to his employer, Benny Goodman.

This breakdown proceeds with the Brad Gowans sides of 1946, "Louis Armstrong Sings the Blues," and other LP's featuring Coleman Hawkins, Benny Carter, Bud Freeman, and Frankie Newton on what might be called the sunny side of the street; with offerings by Artie Shaw, Charlie Barnet, T. Dorsey, and—save us—Guy Lombardo on the "shady" side. The eternal argument as to who gets what when a single company is whacking up its resources between two outlets has been settled on mostly an age basis: RCA Victor will work the area of the Thirties and Forties, while X will prowl the earlier, antiquarian territory.

Columbia, which draws on recordings made by Okeh, Vocalion, Harmony, and relatively recent Brunswick (Decca controls the material on that label *prior* to December 8, 1931) in addition to its own label, is settling its division on different lines. Artists long identified with the Columbia label or recently favored for reissues —Bailey, Ellington, Henderson, Goodman, Armstrong, etc.—remain under its banner. Epic has the pick of everything else. It is thinking in terms of a flow rather than a deluge, with Count Basie, Will Bradley-Ray McKinley, Cab Calloway, and Bunny Berigan favored to date, and early Artie Shaw, Billie Holiday, and Johnny Hodges to come.

However, big-company activity is by no means the whole story. There are rich sources in the numerous small companies which flourished in the Twenties and Thirties, and the Riverside label started to work them over last year, beginning with the venerable Paramount catalogue. It made discs by Ma Rainey (legendarily, Bessie Smith's mentor) generally available for the first time in years, also obscure matter by Louis Armstrong, Fats Waller, and Johnny Dodds, and such unknown people as Ike Rodgers and Roy Palmer.

THE public response encouraged Riverside to assume status, relatively, as a "major" by quietly picking up rights to every unattached, inactive jazz label it could find. Through purchase or lease it now controls Gennett, Black Swan, Champion prior to 1925, Puritan, Broadway, Solo Art, and Circle. It has also moved in on piano rolls, with rights to virtually all catalogues save Aeolian. It has plans to intensify production from two to three or four LP's per month. By the end of April there should be available nearly forty of the projected catalogue of 250 LP's. If this seems merely an outlandishly ambitious goal, one must reckon with the fact that every Riverside issue to date with a history of a year's sale is showing a profit.

Taking into consideration the plans of such hardy independents as Blue Note, Commodore, Savoy, and Dial to make their catalogues available on LP, and the intent of Atlantic to reissue the HRS (Hot Record Society) list on EP and LP, one is faced with a startling and heretofore unimaginable prospect: that the better part of Charles Delauney's "Hot Discography" may actually become a current commodity on the record-dealers' shelves. Even if "better" is restricted to quality rather than quantity, we shall be grateful.

—JOHN S. WILSON.

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Filigree and Bric-a-brac

ROSSINI: *Arias from "Il Barbiere," etc. Fernando de Lucia, tenor.* (Classic Editions 7002, $11.90.)

IN THE Epilogue to "Saint Joan" we are shown The Maid's most fervent well-wishers disbanding in uneasy consternation at the merest hint of her return to earth—and pointing the moral that, though the disembodied legend of Joan may be safely revered, the corporeal person would be far too discommoding and dangerous to have around. Much the same may be said for Fernando de Lucia. As a faint voice to be savored on old phonograph records De Lucia stands with the immortals, but let his like set foot on the Metropolitan's stage tomorrow and he will be greeted at the least with icy disdain and very probably with howls of derision. A tangible De Lucia in 1954 would find us just as nonplussed as Joan's post-mortem idolaters were when faced with her imminent reincarnation. We revere him, but only as an exotic phenomenon capable of doing no present harm.

Our attitude to De Lucia and his ilk may be credited (or blamed, if you will) in large part to a school of thinking epitomized by Arturo Toscanini. Sixty-odd years ago he declared war on those singers who followed their own musical instincts instead of the composer's and who treated an operatic score as if it were no more than a skeletal outline on which to construct their own improvisations. When the smoke of battle cleared Toscanini emerged triumphant, and the victory was so decisive that his championship of the composer *contra* the singer is still observed in almost every quarter.

De Lucia got his start prior to this operatic housecleaning, having made his debut in 1883 while Toscanini was a student, and when he performed for the recording machine during the pre-World-War-I decade he was not inclined to emulate the new musical punctilio being imposed at La Scala. The results (now given LP currency by Classic Editions) were variable in quality but never dull. Of the twenty-nine recordings reproduced here, the first—"Ecco ridente" from "Il Barbiere"—unquestionably affords the most spectacular evidence of De Lucia's unique musical powers. Paradoxically, it affords also the most spectacular evidence of his musical tamperings. The similarity between his rendition of "Ecco ridente" and Rossini's score is almost coincidental. De Lucia introduces roulades and embellishments all his own and alters the rhythm to suit his individual style of phrasing. But that the Swan of Pesaro would take this ill, I doubt. The music accepts embroidery gracefully, and when it is applied with the amalgam of staccato brilliance and delicacy of inflection that was De Lucia's the effect is irresistible. As much can be said for the other selections from "Il Barbiere" included in Classic's issue as well as for the similarly styled arias from "L'Elisir," "Don Pasquale," etc.

But what shall we make of the gratuitous fiorituras introduced into the arias from "La Bohème" and "Manon Lescaut"? And how are we to judge the opening phrase of "Che gelida manina," which Puccini sets entirely on A flat and which De Lucia (following the accompaniment) sings to the pattern A-flat–B-flat–C? Here he steps beyond the pale. Not because Puccini is more sacrosanct than Rossini and company, but because Puccini's music resists embellishment; what is delicate filigree in one case becomes vulgar bric-a-brac in the other. Yet De Lucia is the kind of musician who cannot be dismissed in terms of black and white. With all its deviations from the text, this "Che gelida manina" leaves the listener in no doubt that Rodolfo is an urbane Parisian poet. De Lucia does not bellow. And his "Pearl Fishers" aria (sung in Italian) likewise reveals a singer whose concern is with imaginatively accentuated phrasing rather than ear-shattering high notes.

The quality of sound is fair to middling, as might be expected of an issue dubbed from shellac discs of hoary vintage. The accompaniments —whether piano or orchestra—are execrable, but the characteristics of the voice come through tolerably well: the dazzling coloratura, the effective crescendi and decrescendi on a single long-held note, and, yes, the all too palpable vibrato. Missing from both record labels and album annotations is any identification of the singers heard in the several duets. Missing also is any indication of dates and places of recording, or indeed of the recording companies involved.

—ROLAND GELATT.

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Recordings in Review

Toscanini as Teacher

BEETHOVEN: *"Missa Solemnis." Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra, the Robert Shaw Chorale, and Lois Marshall, soprano, Nan Merriman, mezzo-soprano, Eugene Conley, tenor, and Jerome Hines, basso.* (RCA Victor LM 6013, $11.44.)

ARTURO TOSCANINI has raised so many monuments to his art in these last few years—the nine symphonies of Beethoven, the four of Brahms, the marvelous "Otello," and the singular "Bohème"—that only a fool would presume to suggest which is the most enduring of them. Being by nature foolhardy, I nominate this present manifestation as the most sizable, the most compelling, and withal the most profound of his recorded accomplishments.

For this, however, I have a number of reasons, none in the least foolish. It is, for one thing, a great, perhaps the greatest, work of a universal master—Beethoven—and one which is ill understood by even experienced music lovers; it is magnificently controlled throughout, labored over and brooded about in a way unusual even for Toscanini; he has poured into it a lifetime of experience which makes us aware that here, at a historic crossroad, was a meeting ground of the great contrapuntal tradition Beethoven inherited from Bach and Handel, and the romantic homophonic impulse he set in motion himself.

The allusion to Toscanini as a teacher is neither careless nor unthinking. I mean, merely, that in penetrating the essence of this complex world of sound—which is as much a separate entity as the Eighth Symphony or the B flat (Opus 130) Quartet—Toscanini has taught us the remarkable fusion of impulses—classical and romantic, contrapuntal and homophonic, sacred and secular—that Beethoven embodied in this vast, challenging, and infinitely rewarding work. There is no excuse, henceforth, for anyone to pretend ignorance or misunderstanding of Beethoven's response to the mystery of life and death. It is all here to be heard, in noble strength and almost overpowering eloquence.

Considering the order of pressures involved, the order of credits to the performers may be arranged this way: to the orchestra, first, for unwavering discipline and virtuosity (I don't like the quality of Daniel Guilet's violin in the "Benedictus," where it is inescapably prominent); to the chorus for consistent excellence, topped by some stunning execution in the fugal "Credo" almost beyond belief; and to the quartet of soloists, of whom Nan Merriman, mezzo, and Jerome Hines, bass, are the most consistent in sound and musicianship; Lois Marshal the most powerful, and mostly inappropriately so; and Eugene Conley simply out of place, whether singing "Kyrie Eleison" with dry, uninflected sound or mispronouncing "Beniedictus." At times the quartet responds to the requirements of Toscanini with even, balanced sound, but the solo surges come closest to being realized in the bass and mezzo registers.

Some of this may be related to the recording, which is fine for the chorus and orchestra, decidedly less good for the vocal quartet. One can readily understand that the two big tonal masses involved should have equal prominence, but that does not justify a kind of indefinite netherland for the quartet, save where it is performing alone and can be artificially boosted. I don't relish decrying any recording which gives back so much of the Toscanini impulse as this one, but I can't believe it represents a maximum application of technical skill to the problem involved.

Among the auxiliary elements are a knowing and instructive commentary by Ernest Newman and a questionably "dramatic" packaging with a "suitable for framing" reproduction of Dürer's "Praying Hands" showing through a cellophane aperture. My feeling is that the ritualistic element is out of place in a work which so far transcends creeds, theologies, and dogmatic implications. Prayer, after all, is in the heart, not in the hands.

Mozart at Twelve

MOZART: *"Bastien und Bastienne." Ilse Hollweg, soprano, Waldemar Kmentt, tenor, and Walter Berry, bass, with John Pritchard conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra.* (Columbia ML 4835, $5.95.)

FOR most persons "Bastien und Bastienne" is a footnote to the Mozart legend, insured of a durable if obscure place there by reason of the resemblance of a phrase in its overture to the one of which Beethoven made so much in the "Eroica." (This is akin to saying that two stories beginning "Once upon a time" must necessarily have some relationship.) The musical values in the work, however, are more evident here than in the preceding recording from Stuttgart by way of Period, or in the abbreviated "live" performances that have been given far and wide by the Vienna Choir Boys.

Nan Merriman—"consistent musicianship."

Smoothly played under the direction of John Pritchard (who learned his Mozart from Fritz Busch at Glyndebourne), artfully sung by the light-voiced Hollweg and the sonorous Berry—I can't say too much that is creditable for Kmentt—it adds to a totality hardly describable in words: a creation of a twelve-year-old that is still worth grown-up interpretative effort. Lots of it is formalized and not much of it is musically memorable, but the mere professionalism of the sub-'teen creator helps one to understand some of the miracles to come. Remarkably clear sound.

The Land of Lehar

LEHAR: *"The Land of Smiles." Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Erich Kunz, Nicolai Gedda, and Emmy Loose, with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Otto Ackermann.* (Angel 3507, $5.95/4.95.)

SINCE New York has not been fortunate enough to have had a full-scale performance of this Lehar score in recent years, it comes to my ears as a "novelty" and, for all the fact that it is a score of years old, a delightful one. The natural first question is—considering the people involved—"Is it another 'Merry Widow'?" Not quite, but a near enough miss to qualify for the best possible treatment Angel can give it, to which

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it responds with ingratiating freshness.

What was doubtless a great strength of its visual version—a second and third act in "pictorial" China, after a first in Vienna—is something of a liability in the recorded form. How much Lehar was moved by the example of Puccini, whose "Turandot" had come into being during the previous decade, is hard to say; but though he handles the Oriental cliches with discretion and remarkable musicianly skill, they tend to pale with repetition. At the same time, one cannot hear this work repeatedly without being aware of the artistry with which Lehar wove his web, however flimsy it may be at some moments or overdecked with "exotic" colorations. (We are well acquainted with "Dresden china"; its Viennese equivalent is even more fragile.)

However, when the situation calls for a warm expression of sentiment and Lehar steals into "Wer hat die Liebe uns in Herz gesenkt," magically sung by Schwarzkopf and Gedda, it matters not where the nominal scene is: it is the land of Lehar's own smiles, melodic, artful, and disarming. Following it comes the gaily pentatonic "Stricken, stricken, waschen, kochen," charmingly sung by Emmy Loose, and finally, of course, "Dein ist mein ganzes Herz," which Gedda sings well like Gedda, rather than in a fruitless imitation of Tauber. Ackermann maintains the high standard of leadership admired in "The Merry Widow" and the recording is as good if not better. Martin Cooper's verbal footnote is what it should be.

Harp by Salzedo

SALZEDO: *Eight Dances for Harp. Carlos Salzedo, harp;* also RAMEAU: *"La Joyeuse," etc. Carlos Salzedo and Lucille Lawrence, harpists.* (Mercury MG 10144, $5.95.)

ONE of the earliest record recollections I have is of a blue-label Victor disc by a harpist named, I think, Alberto Salvi. In any case, there is no doubt that what he played was Chopin's "Fantaisie-Impromptu" (especially the "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows" part of it); probably because the harp sounded more like a piano on records in those days than the piano did.

In this skilfully made disc, the harp sounds even more like a harp, but it is rather indicative of its place in the literature that what Salzedo has to play are either pieces of his own, or, with Lucille Lawrence, transcriptions not only of the reasonably suitable "La Joyeuse" of Rameau and a Martini "Gavotte," but also of the decidedly less suitable "Spinning Song" (misnamed here "Spinning Wheel") of Mendelssohn and the "Spanish Dance No. 5" of Granados. His own twangy piece "Steel" finishes the sequence.

The oddity of this is, of course, that the harp produces one of the most striking of sounds, of an immediate and decisive beauty; but few composers have felt they could make beautiful music with it. Salzedo's pieces revel in all the tricks he has evolved for adding strength to its inherent beauty of sound, but, for all his cultivated skill, they remain salon pieces, whether called "Gavotte" or "Polka," "Siciliana" or "Rumba." Tonally, it's as good as having a harp in the home without the bother of having to learn to play it.

"Pastorale" by Beecham

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 6 in F ("Pastorale"), Opus 68. Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.* (Columbia ML 4828, $5.95.)

THIS is in many ways a notable "Pastorale," suitable for inclusion among the celebrated older ones of Weingartner and Paray and Toscanini, and the newer ones of Steinberg and Toscanini. It affirms Beecham's affinity for the even numbered—which, by extension, one is tempted to describe as the even-tempered—symphonies of Beethoven, attested in the past by his spirited performances of Nos. 2, 4, and 8.

However, life on these rarified levels is decidedly arduous, and a finecombing of the values embodied in this performance vis-à-vis those of the two others of comparable quality in sound suggests the following distinctions: it is neither so sweet nor so singing an evocation of bucolic pleasure as Steinberg's, nor as subtle an exposition of the musical text as Toscanini's. The fine points involved have so much to do with little distinctions of nuance, emphasis, and pace as to be somewhat arbitrary; but the totality is unmistakable.

Carlos Salzedo—"cultivated skill."

As a Beecham performance this attains its most decided character on side two, with the country band playing, the storm coming and going, and peace restored. The earlier "Scene by the Brook" has numerous moments of musical beauty, but I have the impression that its tonic-dominant repetitions do not sustain the conductor's interest. In any case, he does not convey such a sustained interest in his performance. Excellent sound throughout, particularly as regards the solo wind instruments, both wood and brass.

"Peer Gynt" in Sequence

GRIEG: *Incidental music from "Peer Gynt," Opus 23. Odd Grüner-Hegge conducting the Oslo Philharmonic, with vocalists.* (Mercury MG 10148, $5.95.)

FOR those who may have tired of the customary treatments of the music Grieg wrote for "Peer Gynt," as arranged in the traditional suites, this presentation will have much to commend it. On the other hand, it cannot be said that it adds much otherwise of note to the customary assemblage of excerpts. The total here is thirteen of the twenty-three numbers Grieg wrote. In other words, to the eight of the two suites are added a prelude to the whole drama, an orchestration by Johan Halvorsen of Grieg's "Norwegian Bridal Procession," the spoken words of Peer and the singing of the Saeter Girls in the hills, the "Arabian March," and Solveig's final lullaby.

What is perhaps the most affecting moment in the whole sequence is Eva Prytz's singing of "Solveig's Song," simply and quietly, in the original Norwegian. Coming after the "Anitra's Dance," suggestive of Peer Gynt's Moroccan adventures, it has a dramatic quality not usually associated with it. (The Wagnerian storm is interesting, but hardly convincing.)

Grüner-Hegge conducts the two sides with affection, but rather less than the ultimate refinement or the kind of musical imagination customary in the products of prominent symphony orchestras and conductors. Excellent sound, just about perfectly balanced. David Hall's summary of the text and the place of the music in it makes for an informative correlation of the whole.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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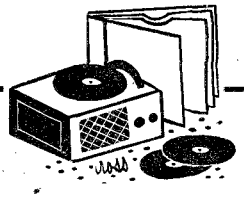

SPOTLIGHT ON THE MOLERNS

Musical America's Several Generations

THE SECOND group of releases in Columbia's Modern American Music series forcibly reminds us that only in the recording realm is the American composer—denied as he is official sponsorship and patronage—not at a crucial disadvantage in the international musical arena. In Europe musical nationalism—the taking care of one's own and letting posterity take care of the others—is sensibly understood to be a practical means to the end of securing contemporary recognition. Certainly, such recognition does not insure permanence, but it increases the possibility of permanence. If one of the sources of our musical strength is our intense interest in European musical activity, our weakness—on another level—lies in our seeming inability to create comparable interest in American music abroad. Our level of musical achievement is such that its position as something less than a prophet in its own country and nothing less than a pariah abroad must be attributed, at least partially, to insufficient and defective propaganda.

The process and nature of this achievement is at least suggested by the works of the twelve composers in the present collection. Edward Burlingame Hill's Sextet for Wind Instruments and Piano (ML 4846) recalls the problems and attitudes of that generation which, for the most part, resigned itself to the geographical fortuity of being "outsiders," and thus to the pursuit of literal identification with the traditional. The Sextet is a skilful synthesis of materials that evoke various aspects of early-twentieth-century French composition, contained within somewhat disparately rigid external forms.

Henry Cowell's "Sonata No. 1 for Violin and Piano" (ML 4841), in its by now familiar employment of hymnlike, fuguing tunelike, Ives-like materials, is a latter-day manifestation of a reaction indirectly induced by the European musical "revolution" that occurred while the men of Cowell's generation were coming of age. The assumed dissolution of the unitary tradition presumably suggested the retrospective construction of an "American tradition." The musical result, in the case of the Cowell sonata, is a rather bland, bucolic, conservative far cry from the earlier Cowell of the "new musical resources," which—in their emphasis on the possible rather than on the necessary, on "why not" rather than on "why"—reflected still another effect of the "revolution."

Roy Harris, too, has been a child of his time with—on the one hand—his proclamations anent "American" rhythm and melos, and—on the other—his theories and use of modality and triadic interrelationships. The latter preoccupations reveal themselves in the Sonata for Violin and Piano (ML 4842), which shares with the Cowell a conservatism and also a certain diffuseness. The patness causes one to recall the less facile, more adventurous early Concerto with even greater affection. But if neither the Cowell nor Harris sonata looms as source works, it must never be forgotten that these men are of the strategic generation—that of Piston, Sessions, Thomson, and Copland—which has produced works of such singular achievement that they have provided the younger generation with independent directions and morale-building precedents.

There is in the products of the younger generation little of the easy originality of evasion, little concern with the labels of musical "Americanism," and—positively—there is the employment of languages whose vocabularies are current, general, and relatively permanent. Beyond this one dares not generalize. It is easy enough to discover bases of identification if relevance is disregarded. But our younger composers possess far more relevance as individuals than as factors in "trends" or "tendencies." Consider, for example, in the present collection, the music of Arthur Berger, Irving Fine, and Harold Shapero, who are generally categorized as Stravinsky-Copland disciples. They are, but this fact scarcely serves to define and delimit their individual gifts and accomplishments.

Berger's early Woodwind Quartet (ML 4846), though it conceals its subtleties beneath an ingratiating surface, is an easily recognizable forerunner of the more austere, fully realized Duo for Cello and Piano also recorded here. If, in its emphasis on registrational differentiation and intricacy of rhythmic ensemble, the Duo has been justifiably characterized as "diatonic Webern," the stress must be placed on the word "diatonic." On the other hand, Fine's recent String Quartet (ML 4843), without abandoning the instrumental suavity or linear lucidity of his earlier music, incorporates certain twelve-tone procedures.

Shapero's Sonata for Piano for Four Hands (ML 4841), written when the composer was twenty-one, is—understandably—the most obviously "influenced" of these works. But if the Coplandesque thematic shapes, and extensional and rhythmic procedures, are clearly evident, the overall individuality and musicality of the work emphasize the remarkable degree to which the sources were comprehended and assimilated by so youthful a composer.

The Quartet in B flat (ML 4844) of Andrew Imbrie, also written at the age of twenty-one, if less poised and more eclectic than his later work, is remarkably talented and original. The second movement, particularly, in its concision and imaginative logic, is a genuinely personal achievement.

Leon Kirchner's String Quartet No. 1 (ML 4843) creates an extraordinary musical atmosphere in which almost anything can happen, and happen meaningfully. It synthesizes Bartókian thematic evocations with Schoenbergian motivic techniques; it effects "impacts" with recondite musical devices, while expertly exploiting the full coloristic range of the medium.

THE extent and diversity of American compositional activity cannot be "represented" by any dozen composers or many times a dozen composers, as suggested by the remaining music in this collection, ranging from the entertaining "Music for a Farce" and "Scènes d'Anabase" by Paul Bowles (ML 4845) through Norman Dello Joio's "Variations and Capriccio for Violin and Piano" (ML 4845), described by the composer himself as "informal" and "intellectually unproblematical," through Peter Mennin's adroitly written and resourcefully organized String Quartet No. 2 (ML 4844), whose striving for the powerful seems occasionally to lead to sheer extrinsic muscularity, and finally to Robert Palmer's Quartet for Piano and Strings (ML 4842), in which the desire for harmonic and textural homogeneity seems to lead to bleakness.

With twelve groups of performers involved in these recordings, it is manifestly impossible even to list them all, and it would be unfair to single out any, for the performances are uniformly excellent. One can only hope that Columbia Records will see fit to continue and broaden this project.

—MILTON BABBITT.

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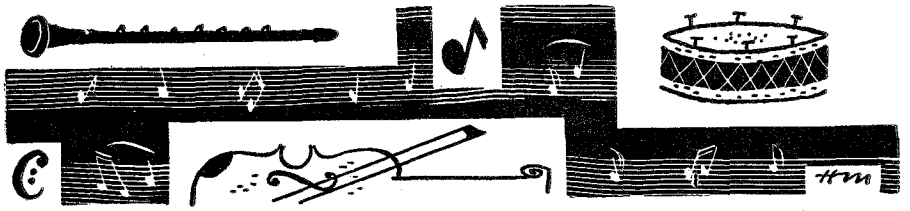

Festival Forecast: Europe 1954

AS FAR AS Europe is concerned, the beginning of April marks the opening of the festival season, this year being the tenth in summer since the war's end. A long time—and yet not so long a time for those who remember the Salzburg Festspielhaus as a G.I. movie theatre or the Prinzregenten in Munich as a resort for visiting USO units to reconcile themselves easily to the intensive, regulated, and, indeed, recurrent patterns of activity in these old, and a score of other new, places.

Intensity, of course, depends on local character; the regulated dates are due in the main to the existence of an association of European festivals which sees to it that not too much of the same sort of thing happens at the same time; recurrence depends on the evolution of a valid program which attracts enough visitors to warrant another year's effort. Noticeably, too, new festivals emerge from year to year, but few are abandoned.

One of the new ones is also one of the first, in Rome, beginning on April 5* and continuing for ten days. This, actually, is more in the nature of a competition for composers, in which Lou Harrison and Ben Weber represent the United States. They have written, on commission, works to be judged in competition with those of other countries. There will be further prizes, lots of music will be heard, and, it is hoped, lots of music-lovers will come. Italy in the spring has come to be synonymous with the Maggio Musicale in Florence, which opens this year on May 5 and continues through the first week in June. Puccini is to be a favored composer this year, with his "Girl of the Golden West" due for a revival in the outdoor amphitheatre. Early in May there will be music in Lausanne, Switzerland, by the Berlin Philharmonic, the "Nuits de Sceaux" will be initiated in that suburb of Paris, and Ireland extends an invitation to a Feis, in Dublin.

Opera lovers will find a variety of activity in Wiesbaden, Germany, May 1-29, with companies from Berlin, Vienna, and Covent Garden joining the local one in presentations of "Julius Caesar" (Handel), "Nozze di Figaro," "Magic Flute," and "Don Giovanni." Montreux in Switzerland has a festival beginning on May 2, there is opera in Dublin all the month long, and the famous Bath Assembly in England will convene on May 15 to continue through the month. The first French festival is traditionally at Bordeaux, where Benjamin Britten's "Peter Grimes" will be given beginning May 18. Artur Rubinstein is down for a piano recital, and there will also be orchestral music and ballet performances. Bonn, on the Rhine, is offering a week of music by a local boy named Beethoven beginning on May 22, and the Royal Danish Ballet invites travelers without other destination to visit Copenhagen on May 25 for a week's special repertory. This is the company that was seen in London last year with much pleasure.

If the musicwise traveler can't get to Florence in May, he's likely to consider the Vienna Festwoche, or Festival Weeks, in June his next major objective. This year the opening falls on May 29, with the opera, the orchestra, the theatres, and the various choirs marshaled for a month's duty. Mozart's "Figaro" is being done in special style, also a revival of Lehar's "Count of Luxembourg." Travelers who favor the North at this time of year will find music prominent all over Scandinavia: Bergen, in Norway, is honoring Edward Grieg, who wrote some of his most famous music there, between June 1 and 15 (Eugene Ormandy, Nathan Milstein, Jussi Bjoerling, and Elisabeth Schwarzkopf are among the celebrities engaged); Stockholm, in Sweden, has a festival from June 1 to 9 in which Handel's "Orlando Furioso" will be performed among other things; and Helsinki will pay tribute to Jan Sibelius in a series of concerts from June 10 to 18.

As it happens, June 10 is also the opening date for the Glyndebourne Festival, which is this year giving "Don Giovanni" with North Americans James Pease, Margeret Harshaw, and Leopold Simoneau in the cast, Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos" with Lucine Amara of the Met, and Busoni's "Arlecchino" with Elaine Malbin. Before the end of July, Stravinsky's "Rake's Progress" will be reprised, also Gluck's "Alceste." Two days later (June 12) Aldeburgh opens its festival, usually centering about the works of its native woodnote, Benjamin Britten, and the Swiss activity for the while will be in Geneva.

Although details are not firmly fixed, there is talk of another Casals Festival in Prades beginning on June 14 and continuing till July 4, and there is definitely going to be music near Paris between June 11 and 20 at Fontainebleau. However, the big festival of late June is in Holland, where the Scala Opera company will perform, also the BBC Symphony Orchestra, in addition, of course, to the famous local organizations and visiting soloists. Those who want to venture in another direction will find a festival in progress in Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia, beginning on June 15. Granada, Spain, will have its third international festival of music and dancing from June 21 to July 2.

As noted above, Glyndebourne and Holland move well into or through July with their activities, thus beginning to overlap such affairs as the festival at Aix-en-Provence, which begins this year on July 10 and will continue through the month with presentations of Menotti's "Telephone," "Mozart's "Entführung" and "Don Giovanni," Gounod's "Mireille," and Henri Sauguet's "Caprices de Marianne" (also orchestral concerts and solo recitals), the British Contemporary Music Festival at Cheltenham (July 8-16), and the Bayreuth musicmaking, which opens this year on July 22.

As the senior among festivals still in existence, and the forerunner, really of the whole summer activity, Bayreuth deserves a paragraph to itself. This year's new production will be "Tannhäuser," but the "Ring" will be repeated several times, likewise "Tristan," "Lohengrin," and "Parsifal." August 9 may be noted as a spe-

* *Specific dates cannot be guaranteed, as of now. Check travel agents before booking.*

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cial day, with Wilhelm Furtwängler scheduled to conduct the "Choral" Symphony of Beethoven.

If Bayreuth opens, can Salzburg be far behind? The answer is No, for the Austrian activity begins this year on July 25. In addition to Mozart's "Così" and "Don Giovanni," the schedule promises Weber's "Der Freischütz" and Strauss's "Ariadne," with the world premiere of Rolf Liebermann's "Penelope" on Tuesday, August 17. Dimitri Mitropoulos will conduct one of the orchestral concerts, Guido Cantelli, Wilhelm Furtwängler, Edwin Fischer, and Hans Knappertsbusch sundry others.

In nearby Munich (active persons can easily shuttle between Salzburg and Munich from one day to the next, or go up to Bayreuth on a third), local specialties prevail: Strauss's "Arabella" and "Frau ohne Schatten," Pfitzner's "Palestrina," and Mozart's "Così" (it was here, several decades ago, that the present favor for "Così" was launched). However, "Die Meistersinger" will be given, also a "Ring" cycle and Mozart's "Figaro." Those who want lighter fare will find it in Bregenz, home of outdoor operetta, on a Swiss lake actually in Austria. Those who want an extra good reason for visiting Switzerland are commended to the Lucerne Festival (August 8-29).

FORMERLY Bayreuth, Salzburg, Munich climaxed the summer festival season, but the music goes on and on, with Edinburgh drawing thousands of visitors between August 22 and September 11; a series of five orchestral concerts with conductors Ormandy, Munch, and Ataulfo Argenta at Besançon in France between September 8 and 12; a Vichy festival from September 11 to 19, and the ambitious Venice festival (September 15) and Berlin (September 18) carrying music practically to the beginning of the winter season. All details of the Edinburgh activity are not in yet, but the visiting orchestras this year will include the Philharmonia of London, the Hallé of Manchester, and others from Copenhagen, Hamburg, and Milan.

I haven't made up a schedule of overlapping dates, but I doubt there is a day between May 15 and October 15 when there is not a "festival" performance or something to be heard within a few hours' plane journey of Paris (to select a central point). Anyone finding such a day and forwarding mention of it to the Association of European Festivals in Geneva will, I am sure, be rewarded with two tickets for something which some festival will dream up for this "open" date.

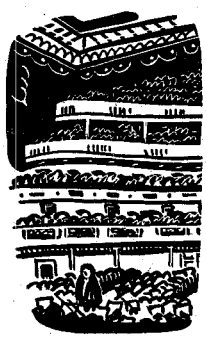
—I. K.

More Music from Spain

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

BOTH the number of *zarzuelas* and the popularity of the most enduring among them must astonish the investigator. Even an American aware of the long lists of works under such names as Kern, Gershwin, Berlin, and Rodgers, and familiar with the long runs of "Oklahoma!" and "South Pacific," can be amazed by Spanish popular composers with forty or fifty works to their credit—and by single *zarzuelas* that have been sung as many as ten thousand times. The prolificalness of the Spanish lyric theatre and its enduring call to the public are both imposing. Only now, thanks to LP, can the world outside Spain and Spanish America begin to hear excerpts from the most enduringly popular pieces in the *zarzuela* repertoire (for no recording that has come to my attention is more than a potpourri of high spots or hit numbers).

Of the three works reviewed here, the oldest is "Gigantes y Cabezudos" (literally "Giants and Bigheads"), composed by Manuel Fernández Caballero to a book by Miguel Echegaray, the less famous brother of the great dramatist José Echegaray. This story of Zaragoza at the end of the Spanish-American War was first staged at Madrid's Teatro de la Zarzuela on November 29, 1898. The blind Fernández Caballero composed with special intensity both the chorus of soldiers returning from Cuba and the music of the Aragonese fiesta in which huge puppets represent giants and dwarves with enormous heads. The excellent Montilla recording (LD-19, $5.95) features the dramatic soprano Lily Berchman, other excellent popular singers, well-trained choruses, and the Orquesta de Cámara de Madrid conducted by Daniel Montorio and Enrique Navarro. The record envelope provides a confusing approximation of the Spanish text sung, but no English explanation or text.



Of a later generation is "La Canción del Olvido ("The Song of Forgetting"), composed by José Serrano to a text of undesignated origin. First presented in Serrano's native Valencia on November 17, 1916, it has won enduring popularity. A story of amorous intrigue in the imaginary Neapolitan town of Sorrentino in 1790, it has little Spanish color, Serrano having aimed at being Italianate. In this Montilla recording (LD-20, $5.95), Lily Berchman again is featured, this time as paired with an outstanding baritone, Luis Sagi Vela. The most renowned number from "La Canción del Olvido" is probably "Soldado de Nápoles" ("Soldier of Naples"), for tenor and male chorus; it is here excellently set forth by one E. Barta and the Cantores Líricos de Madrid. The Orquesta de Cámara de Madrid is under the tripartite direction of Daniel Montorio, Enrique Navarro, and a conductor listed only as Estevarena. Again the Spanish text sung is printed incorrectly on the record envelope and there is no English synopsis or translation.

Most recent is "Luisa Fernanda," composed by Federico Moreno Torroba to a book by Federico Romero and Guillermo Fernández Shaw. Heard first at Madrid's Teatro Calderón on March 26, 1932, this tale of jealousy and renunciation has been sung more than ten thousand times. Called a "lyric comedy in three acts," it is very close to the condition of such an opéra-comique as "Carmen." Moreno Torroba (1891-), some of whose guitar pieces have been made familiar by Andrés Segovia, is an accomplished technician fully aware of many contemporary styles. In this Soria recording (70.009, $5.95), "Luisa Fernanda" is handsomely performed by a competent cast under the composer's direction. The chorus and the Orquesta Sinfónica Española perform with prevailing accuracy and excellence. The accompanying booklet supplies the sung text in Spanish and a synopsis in English.

Among recorded *zarzuelas,* those I have heard which seem to me the most likely to appeal widely to American listeners include "Luisa Fernanda," Ruperto Chapí's "La Revoltosa" (Montilla LP-3, or Soria 70.003, either $5.95), Fernando Chueca's "Agua, Azucarillos, y Aguardiente" (Montilla LP-7, $4.95), and Amadeo Vive's "Doña Francisquita" (Soria 70.006, $5.95).

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TV AND RADIO

It's Opera, But Is It Grand?

OPERA'S business is to be grand. Television opera's business is to communicate grandeur. How's business in TV opera? The answer is: terrible on some streets, good on others, but nowhere grand.

The word, the music, and the story —this is the trinity of theatrical art, glorified by color, light, and scene, alive and effective in a darkened theatre, the individual perception magnified by the multiple presence. In the pantheon of the arts there is nothing equal to it at moments of barbaric splendor, of lyric joy or sorrow, of elegant, mannered refinement of emotion. Television, in its role of the Great Disburser, faces its most difficult assignment in opera. Gone are the physical temple and the group spectators. Gone even is the immaterial temple of the mind which radio opera retains. The works of pageantry are clearly impractical. However, the intimate, the fairly confined, and the comic lie within the realm of the possible. But grandeur then faces its ultimate Goliath—the text in English.

How shall exaltation be maintained when, as in a recent "Omnibus" production of Respighi's "Sleeping Beauty in the Wood," a fairy-tale minister rides a tank over a gossamer web of illusion with: "Take a good look, I'm wasting my time on a wild-goose chase?" Or when, in the NBC Opera production of Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," the Count sings: "Who's behind the door? I'll go and get the implements?" Or when, in "Tosca" (WOR-Mutual's "Opera Cameos"), the lovers embrace each other in Italian and the titles in English are flashed on the screen: "Tonight I sing. Afterwards we'll go to the villa. There's a full moon. Are you happy? Of course. Are you sure?"

The plates of the old literally translated texts which this program apparently still uses should have been fused into oblivion long ago. The NBC Opera Department very commendably tries new English versions. Occasionally they stumble, mostly they are adequate, rarely do they achieve the goal of an inspired matching of antique style with modern feeling, as they did so well in Figaro's mock military song to Cherubino: "Your courting and cavorting are over. You'll be free as a bee in the clover. On to glory—on to war!" And surely there is no operatic law which decrees that phrases must be endlessly repeated as indicated—in slavish adherence to foreign-tongue originals. No good results from the unintentionally ludicrous repetition, long past twilight, of "You'll meet me? You won't deceive me? Etc. Etc." Rodgers and Hammerstein write fresh choruses. The word in TV opera has yet to come across grandly.

The music, fortunately, comes to us least impaired of all. If, as in the Respighi work, the music is unstirring, this is regretable. "Omnibus" is to be thanked for trying. "Die Fledermaus," which this program brought us some time ago, was a rousing success. The comic spirit, thus far, is TV opera's ace. Mozart's "Marriage" was a cool, calm stream of musical loveliness. "Macbeth" (NBC) earlier in the season was static, very heavy. On "Opera Cameos" the music is a case study in dismemberment. The inviolable unity of the final love duet in "Tosca" and Mario's execution was gruesomely violated by a tomato-paste commercial. When NBC spends large money and takes great pains to give us a production like "Figaro" in its entirety, on two succesive Saturdays, splendidly cast and sung and excellently staged, a production up to the highest musical standards and uninterrupted by commercials, it touches the hem of the garment of its cultural franchise.

Technically, TV opera permits a wider use of the medium's optical bag of tricks. Fantasy is not, but could be, a forte of television. Drama story editors shy away from it. The assumption is that the mass mind is not a fantasy mind, that it is given more to extravert, juvenile space-rocket fantasy than the interior, mental, Cocteau kind. But in opera the supernatural is often important—the fairies in "Sleeping Beauty," the witches in "Macbeth." In both these presentations the optical dissolves of images appearing and fading away were effective, new, and interesting. They made their contributions to the grand mood.

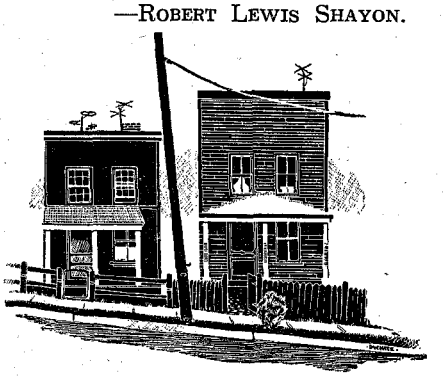
At one point in the Respighi production the "Omnibus" staff achieved a high point in imaginative staging. The good fairy put the courtiers to sleep in pairs. At one moment they stood conversing, at the next they froze in their attitudes, touched by a spotlight. Like porcelain figurines they made a stunning pattern of stylized immobility. Opera offers unexplored vistas for stylization on television and the producers should plunge in more boldly.

One is amused at the oddity of the adult "Figaro" production in the light of TV's alleged code. The story concerns an eighteenth-century aristocrat's traditional nuptial privilege on the wedding night of his servants. Try getting this tale on a TV dramatic show. Opera apparently is harmless. "The Voice of Firestone" does an occasional operatic selection also. Patrice Munsel on a recent program sang Musetta's waltz from "La Bohème." This is the scene in the cafe where she teases Marcello, her true love, while she sits at another table with a rich old fop. The Firestone casting director slipped a handsome young fellow in place of the elderly gentleman. This is a small but significant portent. If opera is to be brought to the people, it ought to be as the composer conceived it.

IF GRANDEUR is yet to come in TV opera, television can give it to us with the word alone. Such a gift was ours from ABC on Lincoln's Birthday when Carl Sandburg read "A Lincoln Preface," the introduction he had written some thirty years ago for his book "Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years" and which he then had shelved when the plan for his life of Lincoln expanded. The Chicago poet has become a veritable symbol of the Springfield martyr, he has lived so long with him in legend and in truth. Classic face, voice, and prose. Here was a deeply moving experience in the best American mood. How poorly served it was, however, by the cliche organ-music background and by the flashing on the screen, at so big a moment, of ABC's little "Lucky 7 Contest" insert!

"Figaro" and "The Lincoln Preface" and a touch of the Sadler's Wells Ballet on "Toast of the Town." What's wrong with TV that more heights like these cannot ennoble?

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.



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Americana

Continued from page 23

that is surely central to a book which bears the title: "The Head and Heart of Thomas Jefferson." That phrase, as we know, was Jefferson's, employed in an extensive dialogue he constructed between head and heart, when he was visibly and painfully enmeshed with the beautiful Maria Cosway, in Paris. The treatment of this revealing and infinitely rich letter, and of the disturbing passion which is its subject, is stupendously inadequate. Dos Passos misses the boat by leagues and leagues, and oddly enough, novelist though he is, clumps over delicate terrain with the boots of a youthful footballer. An earlier study by Helen Bullock called "My Head and My Heart" (Jefferson's exact language) is incomparably better on this theme and puts the skilled novelist to shame.

A second instance of impoverished interpretation on the author's part is his oversimplification of Jefferson's return to America—a "visit" to his native land that became a final and fateful return. Here the elementary requisites of scholarship would have steered the novelist better than his suppositious fancy; for there are numerous letters in which Jefferson frankly tells his friend James Madison that he does not wish to remain in America at this time, even to assume the high office of Secretary of State under President Washington. These same letters make it clear that he is urgently being pressed to accept, and while his initial reluctance to accept is usually stated in terms of his keen interest in watching French developments, it may also have had something to do with his heart and Maria. In any case, he is not, as Dos Passos erroneously states, "weary of living in a foreign land." The tug of inclination and multi-faceted interest pulled him back to France, where he could watch the fascinating social and political changes that would later be called the French Revolution. That these vivid interests could be put aside by irrefutable arguments about what Jefferson owed toward making the first Administration of the American Republic a successful one is the very stuff of political life. Yet it is a mine not worked by Mr. Dos Passos.

THE head fares no better than the heart. In truth, slightly worse. Much time is lost in an over-lengthy introductory section (almost one third of the book) where the novelist assiduously chases down who married whom and for how much money and why, and what clubs were frequented —details all pertaining to people Jefferson never knew or knew about only at second hand. Thus, we learn more about why William Small thought as he thought and acted as capriciously as he acted, rather than about what specific leads (if any) Jefferson took from him.

The caliber of intellectual analysis is best demonstrated, in a passage purporting to sum up what Jefferson learned from the moral philosophers he studied under Small. Mr. Dos Passos remarks that these philosophers "tended to hold a somewhat simplified view of the workings of the human mind but their system of ethics was downright and practical." Under their system of ethics, Mr. Dos Passos finds that "Jefferson was able . . . to play his part in the founding of the republic without any basic hesitations." Now, not only is "the system of ethics" which supposedly endowed Jefferson with superior integration left on the level of reference and presumed existence as a single system; but the further assumption of these naive generalizations is that Jefferson had no "basic hesitations" —an important assertion, if true, but one that demands evidence. The author offers none. Actually, plenty of positive evidence exists about numerous hesitations on Jefferson's part in different stages of his life and political career.

Happily, the faults that appear patent to me may not be faults to all readers or critics. Many who have no first-hand knowledge of Jefferson's writings will doubtless find the book stimulating; and many who do, will inevitably bow to what they will judge to be a colorful and "literary" book about a man for whom the author and a good part of the world entertain a joint and mounting respect.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

MOBS, HOWLING AND NON-HOWLING

Howard Mumford Jones of Cambridge, Massachusetts, fresh from reading John Hersey's "The Marmot Drive," recalls ten earlier literary mob scenes and asks you to identify the sources. A tally of five or under is equivalent to being trampled underfoot; if six, you are saved by the arrival of the U. S. Marines, if seven or better, you *are* a U. S. Marine. Answers on page 51.

1. So far as this story is concerned, the action of one of the most celebrated mobs in history is chiefly important because it begins the transformation of a shoemaker into a medical man.
2. The historic lynching which opens this celebrated novel has no further connection with the story than to introduce a pathetic tale of infanticide and a melodramatic tale of smuggling.
3. The components of this mob are introduced as mechanical; yet at the height of its violence the mob undertakes a cruel piece of practical literary criticism.
4. This well-bred but anonymous mob, on the other hand, was wholly, but not admirably, literary.
5. A worker in silver, in order to prevent a celebrated orator from speaking, stirred a mob to religious frenzy, but the mob was subdued and dismissed by another orator of the same economic views as the silversmith.
6. This powerful army was thrown into complete disorganization by the surprise appearance of an enemy weapon of unlimited destructive power and fell farther and deeper than any other mob has ever done.
7. The history of this mob began when a drunken man died in a drugstore with a Bible on his breast, and ended when a sober man appeared on a roof with a shot-gun in his hand.
8. This "hellish legion" pursued a drunken man on his horse and tore off the animal's tail before the pursuit was abruptly ended by an insuperable obstacle.
9. After ending what purported to be a lecture on hygiene by what purported to be a vote, this mob continued its active life by stoning a doctor's windows.
10. But the career of this mob was stopped by a lecture on physiology.

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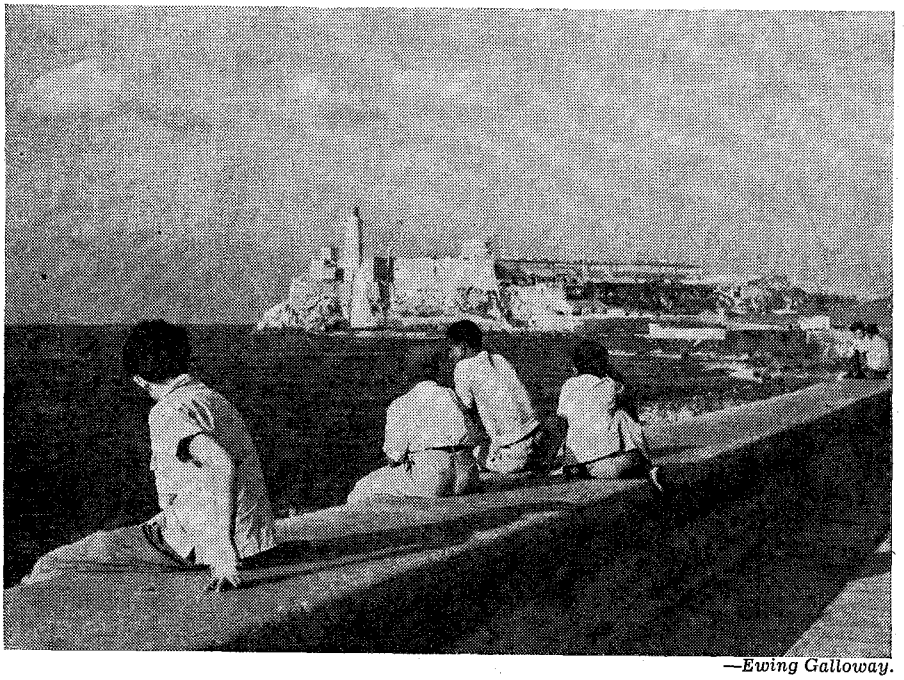
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Chez Papa



—*Ewing Galloway.*

Along the Malecon, a seawall roadway, with Morro Castle in the distance.

HAVANA.

HERE in Cuba five oranges cost five cents (all peeled if you wish), people boil bananas, the lottery is legal, and there is nothing wrong in hissing at a trolley-car conductor, a bus driver, or a waiter should you want to attract their attention. I am not keen about the prospect of eating a boiled banana, or for that matter even looking at one. And it distresses me somewhat to hiss at trolley-car conductors, who, along with Buck Rogers and the Boy Allies, were my personal heroes some decades back. But the idea of hissing at a bus driver or a waiter is tempting indeed, and it is a custom I should like to import to New York.

Strolling through the rambling open market here one finds, besides penny oranges and *platanos,* the big green boilable bananas, such strange edibles as *malanga* and *yuca,* which are roots, and *ñame* (they say *nyamay*), which I suspect is the local version of a yam. Little stalls will keep you from the door of hunger with *enpanadas,* which are like pancakes or Mexican *tacos* and are eaten with meat or sugar. If you eat one without embellishment it becomes a *chivirico.* Also there is the delicacy of *chicharon,* which is the skin of a pig, fried and crisp. And lady-finger bananas, four for a nickel. And *galletas,* a cracker big as a flapjack, at two cents each. Lottery vendors sporting an assortment of numbers push along the streets interrupting for a passing moment the grizzled Negro veteran who stands in the slime of the market and sings a verse about General Maceo, a colored general who was a hero of the Cuban movement for independence.

These sights and smells are, I like to feel, quite as much a part of Havana as all those things which have been palmed off on the tourists these many years—the nightclubs, the watered perfume, the rum factories that sell banana liqueur, the hotels that charge Miami prices, Morro Castle, and the signs that get confused in their nationality and come out "Pickin' Chicken con papitas fritas."

There is no getting around such bulwarks of Cuban life as, for instance, the cigar. It doesn't matter whether one shines shoes on the steps on the capitol or signs bills inside it, if you are a Cuban you are usually preceded by ten inches of tobacco. Cubans didn't invent cigars, which were an old habit of the Siboney Indians, a tribe that used to inhale tobacco through the nose with the aid of a forked stick of bamboo. Ladies who go around abhorring cigars all the time ought to be thankful that the Siboneys' version didn't last. Housewives the country over would

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be saying things like, "Herman, you take that cigar out of your nose and come here this instant." And heavens knows what it would have meant to Groucho Marx.

Well, the Siboneys and their crazy cigars are all on view in Havana's cigar factory, not to mention a plaster cast of Sir Walter Raleigh and two live gentlemen and one live lady who make cigars before your eyes. The lady unfolds the leaves and the gentlemen roll them into cigars, a process which takes each man three minutes and fifty-six seconds per cigar. Spit, which everyone agreed some years back was a horrid word, is no longer used in cigar making, at least not in those made in the public view. An antiseptic paste has been introduced instead. A full line of cigars is sold at the cigar factory, by the rarest of coincidences, and prices are said to be almost one half of what they are in the U. S. One should be cautioned not to buy the cheroots manufactured for local consumption, which resemble black Roman candles and when lighted give off all the bouquet of a smoke flare. Cubans can smoke these cigars because they take several cups of *cafe negro* each day, or so I have been told by a local authority. Cafe negro is a thimbleful of tar-flavored ink sweetened to the consistency of molasses with Cuban sugar. "Clears the throat," my source says, and I believe he means of larynx, epiglottis, trachea, esophagus, and other paraphernalia not absolutely essential to the inhaling of cigars.

Havana's greatest tourist monument is quite likely Sloppy Joe's, a saloon that has stood in great favor

The Bargain.

By Ogden Nash

AS I was going to St. Ives
I met a man with seven lives;
Seven lives,
In seven sacks,
Like seven beeves
On seven racks.
These seven lives
He offered to sell,
But which was best
He wouldn't tell.
He swore that any
Would make me happy forever;
I bought all seven
And thought I was clever.
His parting words
I can't forget:
Forever
Isn't over yet.

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with travelers since shortly after its founding in 1917. Its original owner was a chap named Joe Abeal, who first opened the imbibery under the grand cognomen of La Victoria. On Christmas night 1921 there appeared in La Victoria a newspaperman named John Robert, who was carrying a package befitting the traditional style of newspapermen, especially on Christmas eve. Mr. Robert desired to put the bite on Mr. Abeal to the extent of fifty dollars. Mr. Abeal demurred. Mr. Robert, who had a column in the *Havana Post*, promised to tell the world what a sloppy place Joe's really was. Joe's brother-in-law, Augustine Rios, who took over the saloon in 1939 when Joe died, told me how it went. "John Robert started hammerin' aroun', hammerin' aroun', Sloppy. People came here to see nickaname." Sloppy Joe's has been registered in Bern, in Washington, and in every state of the Union, but there are four or five Sloppy Joe's around, all of which will have to change their names if sloppy Augustine ever takes his due legal course.

BESIDES the longest straightaway bar in the hemisphere (seventy-five feet), the joint has four departments, being bar, bottle goods, cigars and souvenirs, and delicatessen. You can also get your picture taken for two dollars, but that is not really a department. The best product of the delicatessen is Sloppy Joe's Special,

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A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 560 will be found in the next issue.

F PIAFU'R XZFJK, VCBZ

KXZ AIIU, CR FVPFOR

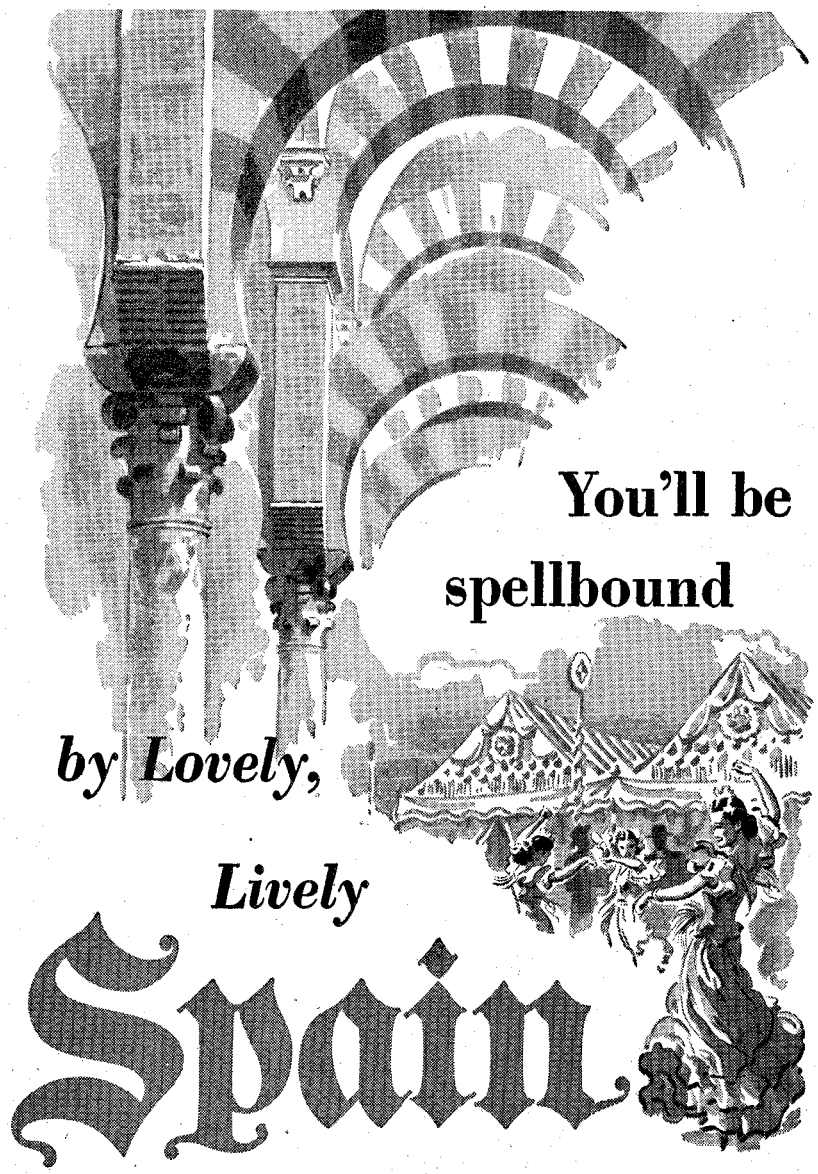
HXFUDCUD, GQK KXZJZ CR

FVPFOR F AFU CU CK.

—TQUHX.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 559

And sigh that only one thing has
been lent
To youth and age in common—
discontent. —Matthew Arnold.



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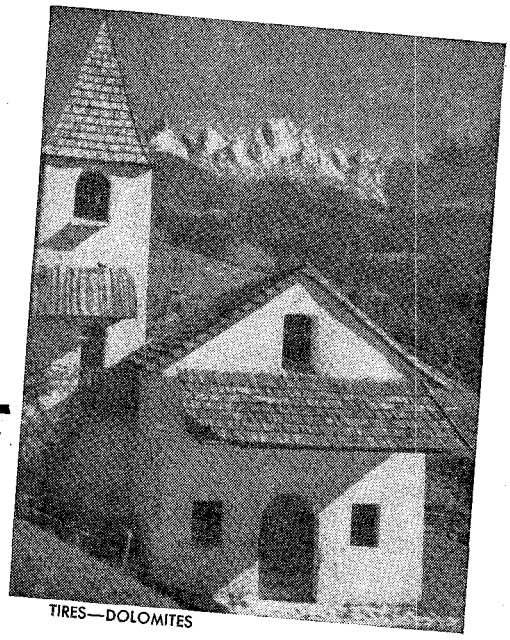
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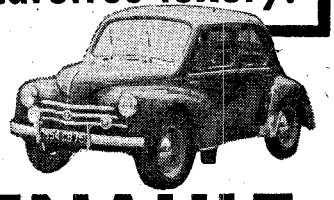

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a sandwich made of ham, cheese, tongue, roast pork, salami, and pickle served on the only whole-wheat bread available in Havana. If you spring your jaw hinges this department is not responsible.

While on the subject of gastronomy I would direct you as well to the Restaurant Paris, which is about as typical as you can get in a city that frequently strains to be both Paris and Miami. It inhabits an ancient building named after Ponce de Leon, and guests sit either in a covered patio by an old well or else on the terrace, under the arcades, looking out on Columbus Cathedral Square. The house does fine things with the pargo, or, to be very local about it, the black beans and rice served in a soup plate, sprinkled with chopped onions and anointed with Spanish olive oil and vinegar. You'll find it enough to kill any thought of hunger for the rest of the week.

Aside from the Cathedral itself, the square is also tenanted by one of Havana's liquor-tasting emporia, where, after half-a-dozen free shots of some sort of benzine or another, one is approached by a salesman with order pad and reminded that a gallon of the local bellywash can be imported into the U. S. free of duty. Next door a pair of Hungarians operate a leather factory, treating, tanning, cutting alligator skins up from Honduras, Nicaragua, Panama, and Brazil, and making of them handsome bags and belts. If you pay the first price asked you're wasting your money.

SOME of the bigger hotels, notably the Naçional and the Presidente—I suspect the new Hilton will follow the theme—try to span the distance between a resort and a commercial hotel in the manner perfected by the Caribe-Hilton in San Juan. The Naçional, for instance, has two pools (after the first was built somebody discovered it was always in the shade), a cluster of cabanas, and a number of sun-worshipers lying around the concrete apron.

Anyone in search of sun and solace would do handily, I think, to buzz up to Varadero Beach, a resort with a fifteen-mile strip of magnificent sand, just twenty-five minutes by air out of Havana. Cubana will take you there, and it is also a stop on the regular flying cruises of Resort Airlines. You can also fly in directly from Miami (one hour) on Cubana's daily flight.

Anyway, Varadero has one full-fledged resort hotel called the Varadero Internaçional, which looks quite like the Tower Isle in Jamaica, being

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a many-balconied affair sitting by the sea, one side of the house looking towards the water, the other towards the foliage. It has 800 feet of its own stretch of sand, so white that photographs of it show up like a snowbank. A twenty-five-foot sailboat bobs in the surf, and a collection of boats can be hired to take you off in search of swordfish, sailfish, marlin, or Hemingway-sized tuna. For anyone who would prefer to stay on dry land the garage is full of motor scooters, bicycles, carriages, and horses. There is a tennis court and a nine-hole pitch-and-putt court reaching out from the front lawn.

The rate for all this runs between $24 and $30 a day for a room for two and that doesn't count meals. You can eat either at a soda fountain or in the cavern of the nightclub equipped with stage, music, and a curtailed flow of luminosity. There is a built-in gambling casino on the premises.

This kind of life is not at all necessary at Varadero, and for those who prefer it simple and secluded there is, for instance, the Dos Mares, a pension three minutes from the sea, where doubles cost $18 to $25 a day meals included. It is run by a collection of Spanish brothers embellished with the Hibernian name of Moran who left the homeland with the success of the Generalissimo. Somewhat more expensive is the delightful Casa la Rosa, which was the honeymoon hideway of the late Duke of Alba's daughter, who was married in one of the fanciest weddings of the Forties. It gets $27 to $30 a day for two now, meals included, but the tariff descends in summer to $18 double or $10 single with meals. It is right on the beach and guests eat lunch on a sea-blown terrace looking out to the Australian pines, the sand, and the water. Dinner is served on the patio under the *anacahuita* trees, whatever they are, and in the spring the royal poincianas bloom brilliant and red at the edge of your soup.

In case anybody gets restless of an evening, the town sports a nightclub known as Kastillito, which means "little castle," an affair of straw and informality where a band and a juke

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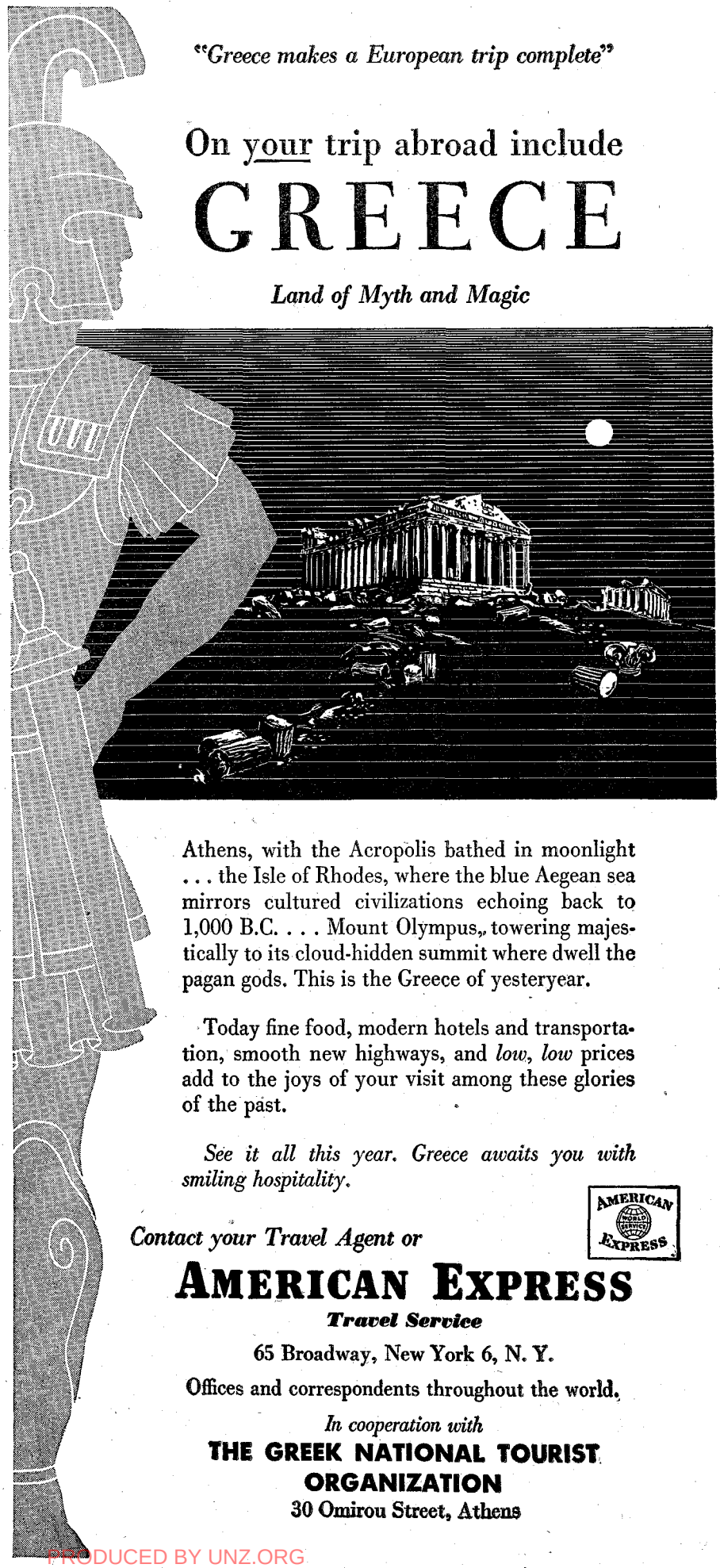

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box keep the Cuban beat until all hours. After that a pair of outdoor cafes called La Taberna Panchito and the Bar Pullman, across the street, serve sandwiches and rum until time for breakfast. —HORACE SUTTON.

Traveler's Tales

THE U.N. TRAVEL EFFORT: Two recent publications of the United Nations and of its various specialized agencies reflect the concerted efforts being made to remove barriers to international travel. The first one is a study called **"Retail Price Comparisons for International Salary Determination"** (Statistical Papers, Series M No. 14, November 1952, 40¢). Originally designed for employers with staffs in many countries, this report contains data about more than 100 important commodities and services. If you want to compare living costs in New York with those of other big cities, if you want to know how much a round steak will cost you in London, Paris, or Rome, in Mexico City, Cairo, Manila, or Bangkok, or how much you will have to pay for shoes and clothing, bread and butter, cigarettes and tooth paste, newspapers, movies, streetcars, or buses, here you will find the answer.

World trade and travel call for far-reaching health measures to prevent the international spread of human, animal, and plant disease.

To help health services everywhere, and to help the traveler, the World Health Organization has published the **"International Sanitary Regulations,"** as adopted by the World Health Assembly in 1951 (Geneva, January 1953, 65¢). Part IV contains specific information on sanitary measures on departure and arrival, those applicable between ports or airports, and the provisions concerning the international transport of goods, baggage, and mail. United Nations publications are distributed in the United States by the International Documents Service, Columbia University Press, 2960 Broadway, New York 27, N. Y.

—ARNO G. HUTH.

Writers and Writing

Continued from page 19

one has better illustrated the difference between fact and fiction in the "Portrait of the Artist" than Mr. Byrne, who shows, for example, that the long discussion there between Stephen and the director of studies, over the art of lighting a fire, did not happen to Joyce at all, but to Byrne himself.

Mr. Byrne is also very helpful with "Ulysses." He points out a number of minor errors in the book, and these are of interest because Joyce prided himself so highly upon his accuracy. That the underground river called the Poddle issues into the Liffey at Wellington Quay rather than Wood Quay is the kind of correction that Joyce would have honored. But he goes further in explaining how Joyce happened to use the address of 7 Eccles Street for Mr. Bloom's house in "Ulysses." The reason was not, as has been suggested, that seven was a mystic number; but that the house had special associations for Joyce. In 1909 he came from Trieste to Dublin for a few weeks, and visited Mr. Byrne, who was living at that address. The episode of returning home without a key, and of letting himself down to the area, opening a window, and then coming round to the front door to admit his companion, actually occurred to Byrne one night when he and his friend returned from a long walk. And both the height and weight of Mr. Bloom, which Joyce gives in the same chapter, are actually those of Mr. Byrne, remembered by Joyce for years with perfect accuracy.

Mr. Byrne is a chess player, and his book, which often appears circuitous and disconnected, has something of the character of a fine but unconventional approach in which the game is won by an unexpected mixture of heavy battling and finesse. His attitude of asking for neither admiration nor indulgence seems at first a little stand-offish, but in the end his strength comes to include warmth, and the two combine to form a very attractive picture of an uncommon life.

Notes

RAKISH POET: Charles Churchill is a poet of the 1760's whose fame today comes from Dr. Johnson's opinion that his verse if not first rate was at least plentiful. No poetry dies quicker than topical satire, the only kind that Churchill wrote. Yet to a scholar who devotes many years to excavating it,

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the poetic molehill may seem mountainous. Wallace Cable Brown in **"Charles Churchill: Poet, Rake, and Rebel"** (University of Kansas Press, $4) calls his subject a "major English poet"—which would make the really major ones at least four-star generals.

But it is true that Churchill, who died at the age of thirty-two, led a sensational life, and threw off during his last four years a spate of vigorous and historically interesting poems. In general Mr. Brown deals with the life and works with thoroughness. In one instance, though, he accepts a sentimental platitude without sufficient skepticism, as when he repeats an untrustworthy source that Churchill's sister died of a broken heart in 1764; the records show that she died four years later. And his own frequent attempts to justify Churchill's lapses seem gratuitous. He analyzes the poetry with such exhaustive detail that one recalls his previous book, called by the *Times Literary Supplement* a veritable Kinsey report on the behavior of the heroic couplet. With the same thoroughness, if with nothing else, he has now treated Churchill to a first complete and documented biography. —Robert Halsband.

ANTIOCH HARVEST: In physical makeup serious magazines are an ephemeral kind of publication. Except for those pieces which are excerpts from books completed or in progress, most of the contents are doomed to dusty library shelves. With a magazine of character, of distinctive value, the loss is real. One method of salvage lies in the anthology; and the newest, a welcome one, is **"The Antioch Review Anthology,"** edited by Paul Bixler (World, $6). That magazine, founded in 1941, publishes serious essays that are stimulating and readable. In general they are concerned with social problems (including politics) in the widest sense; and in recent years short stories, poetry, and book reviews have been added, though these as yet have not added much.

A good many of the essays deal with socialism and Communism, inevitably since they have loomed so large during the last decade. "In contrast to the mishmash of demonology that they evoke today" (as a phrase from one essays puts it) they are treated here with objectivity as well as concern, particularly in essays by Bertram D. Wolfe and Louis Filler. Other notable pieces in the collection are Paul M. Gregory's on fashion as a phenomenon, Farrell's on naturalism, John P. Lewis's on our mixed economy, and David Riesman's on leisure attitudes, a very bright essay happily free from trade-jargon. —Robert Halsband.

NEW EDITIONS

Empire with Fleas

WHAT were the causes of Rome's fall? How did the medieval world emerge from the ruins of the ancient world? These questions—like what songs the Sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women—are puzzling, but not beyond all conjecture. And conjectures have been many, diverse, contradictory. Some of the best-grounded, most persuasive, may be found in Ferdinand Lot's "The End of the Ancient World and the Beginnings of the Middle Ages" (Barnes & Noble, $7.50), translated from the French by Philip and Mariette Leon, with a preface by Henry Berr. Supporting his arguments with vast knowledge, and shaping them with a keen intelligence, Professor Lot tells us that, despite appearances, the Roman Empire had no constitution, but rested on force alone; that the lack of a firm rule for the imperial succession was a fatal defect; that a proliferating bureaucracy became a murderous parasitical growth upon the body of the Empire; that the growth of a caste system corrupted and deadened the public spirit, and reduced the population of the later Empire to an inert mass; that there was a growing discrepancy between the ability of the Empire to produce and its need to consume; that the flight of the nobles to the country and the decay of the towns were concomitantly disastrous; that the "religious malady" of Christianity was a disintegrative force; and, finally, that the very vastness of the Empire inevitably resulted in progressive fission, ending with the annihilation of the conception of public interest, and the disappearance of the notion of a State in the period of the barbarians." For Justinian's efforts to restore the unity of the Empire, efforts which resulted in the ruin of Rome and Italy, Lot has harsh words. And he has no use for the theory that the barbarians were a regenerative force, bringing with them new and valuable political forms; on the contrary, their "monarchies were only so many German Byzantiums, a combination of senility and barbarism." The forces that brought the Middle Ages into being, the forces to which the future belonged, were Islam, the Papacy, "and lastly vassalage, the germ of the feudal system, in which was to be embodied the life of Western Europe for many centuries."

When one is reading history, maps are essential. "The End of the Ancient World" is adequately provided with them. But too many histories are now appearing without maps, because of their cost; a reader must often look for help outside the book with which he is concerned. One source of help, a standby since 1911, is "Muir's Historical Atlas, Medieval and Modern," the eighth edition of which has been issued by Barnes & Noble ($6.50). If you are reading of France and Burgundy in the eleventh century, the Hanseatic League, twelfth-century England, medieval trade routes, Europe during the First Crusade, South America in the nineteenth century, war in the Netherlands, the Swiss Confederation, or scores of other topics, times, and countries, "Muir's" is a book to have at hand. Unfortunately, however, this eighth edition, save for a few details, is only a reproduction of the revised edition of 1927; so it lags a quarter of a century behind recent map-making events.

It is an educational, stimulating, and challenging experience to accompany Crane Brinton on his survey-journey through five centuries of Western thought, pure and applied, as he makes it in "The Shaping of the Modern Mind" (Mentor, 35¢), ending with a wise evaluation of our present predicament. Other recommended Mentor Books: Edith Hamilton's "Mythology" (50¢); "One Two Three . . . Infinity: Facts and Speculations of Science" (50¢), by George Gamow; "Growing Up in New Guinea" (35¢), by Margaret Meade; and "The Meaning of the Glorious Koran" (50¢), an explanatory translation by Mohammed Marmaduke Pickthall. Among the new Pocket Books are Monsarrat's "The Cruel Sea" (50¢), and Ferber's "Giant" (35¢). Doubleday has published its own papercover edition of Wouk's "The Caine Mutiny" (95¢).

The revised edition of S. Harrison Thomson's "Czechoslovakia in European History" (Princeton, $7.50) should have received most favorable notice in this department long before now. Bagehot's "Economic Studies" ($4) has been reissued by Academic Reprints; while from the same publishers come Pirenne's "The Stages in the Social History of Capitalism" (75¢), and Alfred Russel Wallace's "The Action of Natural Selection on Man" (75¢). —Ben Ray Redman.

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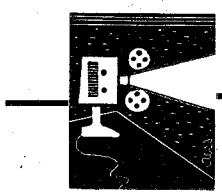

IDEAS ON FILM

The French Scene

EDITOR'S NOTE: *With Hollywood producing feature films all over the map, Europe seems still to lead in creating mature, fresh styles for the non-fiction short subject. Helen Grayson, one of America's few women documentary directors ("The Cummington Story" and "House in Sea Cliff"), writes about ten French short films which have captured her eye. Her article raises the question of maintaining French audiences for these productions, and makes one wonder how audiences in this country can get to see them.*

IN THE BEST of the short films I have seen in France during these past several months I have been impressed most by the spontaneous flow of filmic language. It seems freshly coined for each subject. I have been told that great quantities of shorts have been made for theatrical showing, most of which are said to have followed routine formulas at best. But among the ones I was advised to see, all are impressive for their careful workmanship, some for their wit, some for their clear and honest treatment of a subject, while others have given me decisive proof that sound pictures can attain a special power of communication.

Among the least substantial films—the jokes and pastimes—are a few that are delightful because they are both funny and carefully composed. Marcel Gibault strings a succession of film capers on subjects so commonplace that their choice is a joke in itself. **"Le Baton"** presents the stick as tool and weapon through the ages. **"Transports Urbains"** analyzes a small-town trolley service. Photography, settings, and in one case costumes contribute to the style of each film.

Indirectly Gibault is showing up the dulness of many documentary and teaching films. His cameraman, William Novik, has just finished directing a teaching film that has much wit and sparkle. **"La Fin et les Moyens"** shows how audio-visual tools can be used to improve technical or practical training in various fields. As it is aimed at increased production of such materials in France (where surprisingly little is known about audio-visual education) its purpose is entirely serious. Novik covers every aspect of the subject, demonstrates the value of simple and elaborate models, filmstrips, and 16mm movies. But he entertains while he instructs. The film stimulates cheerful interest with a steady flow of fresh and lively film ideas which are object lessons in themselves. They prove the point, while he is making it, that twentieth-century teachers have more than the blackboard at their command.

With his versatile talents, Novik has also made **"La Route des Epices,"** in which he follows the pattern of his earlier success "Images Médiévales." This is another fine synthesis of manuscript illustrations, text, and music. Beginning with the Crusades and ending with Marco Polo's journey, it shows Europe's discovery of Oriental luxury. The film is constructed through the inter-cutting of European, Persian, Hindu, and Chinese material. As these pictures are subtly detailed to begin with, he wisely limited his camera treatment to long shots and straight "pans." Watercolor spreads smoothly to animate the delicately drawn maps. Direct quotations from "The Travels of Marco Polo" are assembled in the narration. The background music is pleasantly in the Asian style, based on Oriental themes and written by Guy Bernard. Electronic instruments supplemented by vibraphones, harps, and gongs imitate the sounds of an Oriental orchestra. The total effect is one of lavish harmony.

The latest film of Nicole Vedrès ("Paris 1900" and "La Vie Commence Demain") is an uncomplicated short on French research in biology. **"Les Frontières de l'Homme"** goes from protoplasm to germ cell and the latest experiments in the control of life processes. Good laboratory shots are edited in logical sequences and explained in a simply written commentary by Jean Rostand, France's most eminent biologist. Eighteenth-century chamber music in the background is pleasant and unobtrusive, though surprising. Rostand's dramatic delivery of his commentary is even more surprising, until one remembers that, of course, he is the son of the man who wrote "Cyrano."

Two other interesting shorts, among recent French productions, are straight reports. **"Aptenodytes Forsteri"** describes the life of emperor penguins on the Antarctic ice fields. **"Carnet de Plongée"** records Jacques-Yves Cousteau's underwater explorations on color film. Such scenes, which cannot be witnessed by most people except on the screen, require nothing more than good photography, coverage, and occasional commentary.

Georges Franju ("Le Sang des Bêtes" and "Le Grand Méliès") has taken a familiar object and reversed its meaning for a moral purpose. His **"Hôtel des Invalides"** is about France's proudest monument to military glory. Its handsome eighteenth-century architecture shelters the tombs of Napoleon and Foch, a home for crippled veterans, and a military museum. From this material Franju made a quietly devastating statement against war. With very few exceptions—slight discords in an otherwise amazingly consistent effect—his shots simply record various aspects as a visitor might see them. But in the selection and editing of shots, combined with the simple commentary and the words of familiar songs, he has made them express feelings and ideas which belong to none of these elements alone.

MARGOT BENACERRAF is a Venezuelan who was trained at the Institut des Hautes Etudes Cinématographiques and works from Paris. By her confident utilization of rhythm and other powers of film, she produced the form and content of **"Reveròn,"** which describes a Venezuelan painter and his work, but is essentially the revelation of a subjective process of creation through painting. Reveròn is a very eccentric old man. Thirty-five years ago he built himself a rambling shelter on a remote shore. He has lived there with his wife, the jungle, the sea, and the models he made—life-sized rag dolls that sit, lie, or stand suspended about him. In Benacerraf's treatment this material becomes Reveròn's inner world. Words aren't necessary. For thirty minutes of film there are only two pages of commentary. Although Margot Benacerraf herself will not admit it, her first film is better than its subject. Her art is better than Reveròn's.

In **"La Création du Monde"** two young film-makers, Michel Zimbacca and Jean-Louis Bedouin, show what primitive art forms mean to primitive man, suggesting an explanation of man's need for religion, religious art, and secular art. Here carved or painted figures representing gods, spirits, and forces of nature are unmistakable symbols that serve to organize, communicate, and perpetuate man's ideas and emotions.

Material of this sort has been used in other films to tell simple legends ("The Loon's Necklace" and Enrico Gras' "Turay"), but "La Création du Monde" spans geography and time. It reveals an underlying unity in systems of magic and religion, and from this point of view it seems to belong

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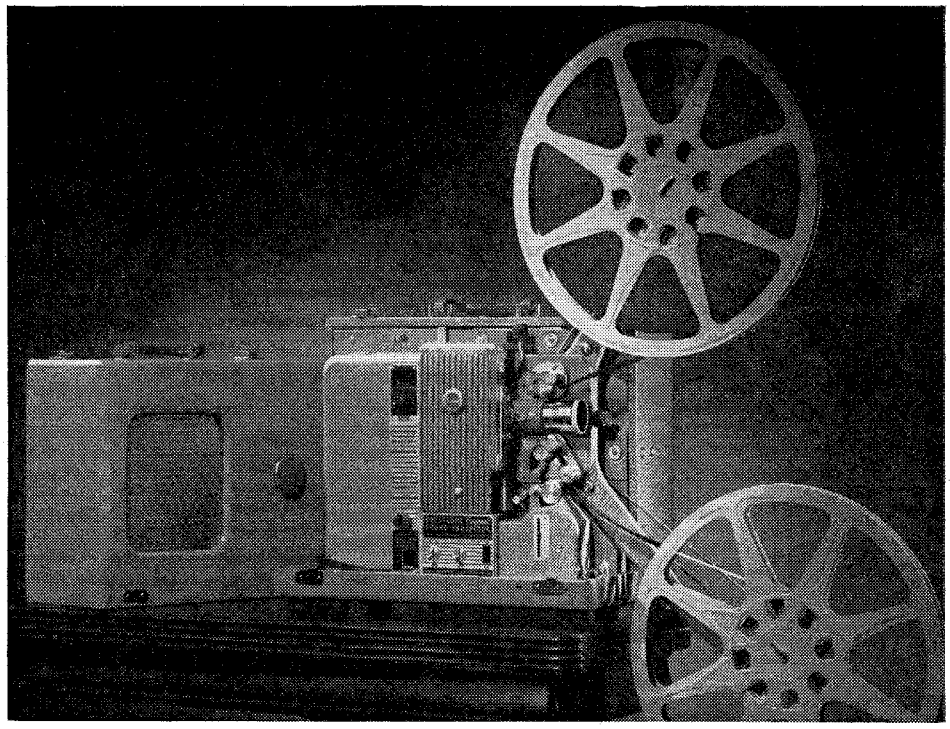

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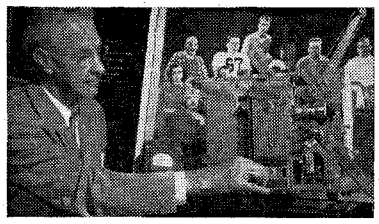
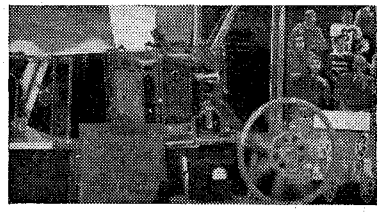


1. UNDER WAY—After attaching a meter to record the number of hours of continuous operation, Ralph B. Mayo of Mayo & Company Certified Public Accountants, turned on the projectors and *sealed* them in operating position.



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in the film repertory of the United Nations. The film will not be easy to translate, but I am told that it can be shortened. Its present thirty-five minute length is exhausting, because it arouses a multitude of simultaneous conscious and subconscious responses, and because its visual and sound material is remote, strange, and sometimes harsh to modern senses.

These are ten of the most exciting short films I have seen in France this year. Their success depends on the very fact that they are short. They don't try to present their subject matter in one way or another; on the other hand they spring from it to reach the level of fine art, as distinguished from applied art. They are at the far end of a range which extends beyond the usual film categories. French film-makers evidently believe that any "genre" is legitimate if it takes up no more than ten to thirty minutes of audience time.

At the moment earnings on profits from shorts in France do not look promising. Until recently exhibitors were required by law to screen a short with every feature, but the ruling has just been canceled. Now here, as in the U. S., second features may be screened instead. Nor is there profitable outlet for short films in television, because it is not yet sufficiently established in France. Non-theatrical distribution is limited to the few schools or cinema clubs that can afford to buy 16mm projectors. However, the French Department of Information, several Government agencies, and nationalized industries will continue sponsoring shorts in one way or another, and I am confident that dedicated young French film-makers will continue pooling their shoestrings for the sake of working out a new film idea. —HELEN GRAYSON.

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The Film Forum

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK | *The Saturday Review*'s Guide to Selected 16mm Sound Films

FIRSTS. This month, to call attention to the increasing number of young American film-makers, Cinema 16 inaugurates the first of a semi-annual series of first films. Six films "of artistic promise" are being shown this month:

"Treasure in a Garbage Can," a sturdy documentary about the salvaging of ordinary refuse, was made by R. Hardman and W. Perkins at the University of California. (Distributed for purchase by Educational Film Sales Department, UCLA, Los Angeles 24, Calif. For rental from the Department of Visual Instruction, UCLA.)

"Waiting," an intense, clever (but unsuccessful) satire on the modern pace of life, was made by Flora Mock, as a thesis for the UCLA Motion Picture Division. (Distributed for purchase and rental by Kinesis, Inc., 566 Commercial St., San Francisco 11, Calif.)

"City Without Wheels," is Morton Heilig's color study of Venice, neatly edited and with a wordless sound track of on-the-spot recorded "effects."

Other films on the program are "Psalm," the world of the orthodox Jew pictured by Marvin Silbersher and Marvin Duckler; "Between Two Worlds," a fantastic ballet by Sam Kaner and Guy L. Coté; "Study of a Dance," by Yael Woll, student at New York's City College Institute of Film Techniques. Information about the rental of the last four films can be requested from Cinema 16, 175 Lexington Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

In addition to screening these first films to its 5,000 members, Cinema 16 will provide the audience with program notes based on statements from the respective producers on how their films were made (cost, equipment, assistance), as well as purpose and problems. The audience in turn will make written comments to be handed over to the film-makers. Unless everything gets out of hand, this sort of film society activity should add considerably to the development of America's movie taste and talents.

SECOND AND THIRD. Ian Hugo began his movie-making career several years ago with "Ai-Yé" [*SR* Dec. 9, 1950], an experimental documentary which attempted to unify the theme of mankind through fragments of people and places. Now in his second film, "Bells of Atlantis," (10 min., color) unity has been achieved—mystic, poetic, and richly accented. Based on a poem by Anais Nin, read and in part enacted by the author herself, the film's pictorial matter is composed largely of submerged, slow-motion multiple exposures.

Special color effects were achieved by Mr. Hugo in collaboration with Len Lye. Orchestrated electronic music, something of an innovation even in an experimental film, was composed and recorded by Louis and Beebe Barron; it gives the film a final dimension.

Hugo's third production, like the first, is more documentary than contrived, made up of material photographed in New York's Times Square over a two-year period. Its title is "Jazz of Lights" (16 min., color). Anais Nin again appears, as well as a bearded inhabitant clothed in sandals and flowing robe, and known, at least to some, as Moondog. Except for singular shots involving these two personalities, the film and its footage could be one among the many which use neon signs and sidewalk figures to create an impression. The all-electronic music by the Barrons is the major distinguishing element.

In a recent four-performance public screening of these three films in New York, a remarkable novelty in background lighting was introduced. A large screen was hung suspended over the front of the stage, framed by a background of color which changed hue and brightness and produced extraordinary contrasts with the projected film in its center. This device is the work of Rollo G. Williams, and promises to be as exciting to the experimental film-maker as CinemaScope has been to Hollywood.

Repeat performances of the entire program are planned in a number of communities, with Mr. Hugo and Miss Nin appearing in person. Further information is available from Ian Hugo, 35 West Ninth St., New York, N. Y.

SIDE STREET. Helen Levitt's nineteen-minute editing of the remarkable black-and-white footage taken in Spanish Harlem in the late 1940's by Janice Loeb, James Agee, and herself, is now available for rental to film clubs and other educational groups from the Museum of Modern Art Film Library, 11 West 53 Street, New York 19, N. Y. The trio of photographers is best known for its subsequent production, "The Quiet One."

Although the editing of "In The Street" seems at times to narrate and relate, the film is basically a series of spontaneous street scenes, individual gestures, and poses which can be recorded only by hidden-camera techniques.

Some of the shots are beautiful, and many are unforgettable. Tears, tragedy, conflict, comedy, play, and passivity are observed frankly. Toward the end of the film, Miss Levitt gives the street children a chance to leer into the camera, thus reminding us that we have been seeing the unobservable.

—CECILE STARR.

* For rentals consult the list of *SR* Film Referral Libraries, available at 10c a copy from Film Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

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Fiction

Continued from page 20

erates her horrid little friend from Rouen who destroys her happiness with Pierre and drives her eventually to crime is understandable only in the light of Existentialist values. We are witnessing, not just the struggle of two women over a man, but the battle between two predatory consciousnesses.

The danger of over-charging fiction with intellectual theses is a constant threat to Existentialist writers. Much of Mme de Beauvoir's writing has too thin a coat of fictional veneer to create an illusion of life. In this novel she succeeds better than in subsequent works. The credible dialogues and realistic narrative passages are partly responsible; even more so, the remarkable portrayal of Françoise. In spite of the unconventionality of her life and concept of love, she has an authentically human appeal. We become involved in this pure and proud soul torn between her sense of honesty and her very feminine will for happiness. The world she inhabits, too, is the very recognizable city of Paris. Her associates are painted after life among the artists and actors from Montmartre to the Dôme. Simone de Beauvoir's characters, as good Existentialists, are privileged to experience the "astonishment of existing." Knowing that they are born out of theoretical speculation, we share something of their joyful astonishment, and hail a masterpiece of Existentialist writing.

—Jacket by Matulay, for "She Came to Stay."

"... a masterpiece of Existentialist writing."

Notes

ILL-STARRED FAMILY: Chester Himes's latest novel, **"The Third Generation"** (World, $3.95), traces the destruction of a Negro family torn apart by personal and social tensions. The Taylors at first seem to have fortune on their side. William, the father, is a successful and likable teacher of mechanical arts, in love with his pretty wife. Their three boys seem headed for the uninterrupted routine of school, college, and the choice of a profession. But Lillian Taylor's sense of shame at being a Negro, and her lopsided scale of values, impel her to a compulsive restlessness which flowers into an ever-broadening neurosis. She makes job after job untenable for her husband, and the Taylors shift from one Southern agricultural college to another. For the children life becomes "a long, unending series of goodbyes." They finally move to Cleveland, where Professor Taylor becomes a night-club porter. Mrs. Taylor fastens her hopes on her son Charles, drawing him into a neurotic relationship that robs him of his will, and leads to a series of bludgeoning disasters.

Mr. Himes describes the bleak odyssey of the Taylor family in a vivid style that is frequently moving and always effective. But he is not content to develop the tragedy inherent in the Taylors' family dilemma, and insists on piling up one mischance after another until the senses reel. Trauma, paranoia, venereal disease, blindness, crippling accidents, imprisonment follow one another with dismal regularity. Charles cannot touch anything without maiming himself or another. He gets behind the wheel of a car and has a horrible accident. He becomes a bus boy and falls down an elevator shaft. Mr. Himes may be trying to show, by all this, how Charles's lack of integration distorts his behavior, but he underlines his point too heavily. In spite of its excesses, "The Third Generation" has within it elements of great interest, and it again demonstrates that Mr. Himes's talents are of a high order. —MARTIN LEVIN.

CAPE COD CHOWDER: Robert Lewis Taylor's cheerful and meandering novel of a Cape Cod summer, **"The Bright Sands"** (Doubleday, $3.50), resembles the "omnibus chowder" that is the beachcomber's staple. It is composed of a casual garnering of racy ingredients, some overripe, but productive of a sustaining brew nevertheless. Into Mr. Taylor's savory mixture have gone a couple of amiable old grifters named Ezra Cobb and Uncle Veenie, a troubled young summer couple called the Willises, and Mrs. Willis's diabolical teen-age sister Joan. The genial oldsters spend their days pleasantly angling for petty cash, and dodging the responsibility of larger sums. The Willises slowly get up steam for a marital bust-up. And sweet little Joanie does what she can to make matters worse. Mr. Taylor mulls these elements skilfully about, bringing them to boil in a raging New England hurricane.

"The Bright Sands" makes no pretense at getting anywhere in a hurry, which adds to its leisurely charm, except when the book detours too sharply away from the primary adventures of Captain Cobb and his friends. Mr. Taylor's usually neat sense of humor occasionally overflows and shifts the bemused but rational tone he has established. All in all, though, "The Bright Sands" is a thoroughly happy argument in favor of the simple, dishonest life, of which the most convincing advocate is Captain Ezra Cobb, theological counter-puncher and evader of wealth.

—M. L.

ROMANCE AND SECRET TREASURE: Adeline Attwood's first novel, **"Treasure of the Sun"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3), is a story of present-day Indians living in the foothills of the Andes. Nevertheless, its plot is wanton and barbaric enough for inclusion as a colorful anecdote in Prescott's history of Peru. When Illoma's betrothed makes his way back to his mountain village, after having had the skin stripped from the soles of his feet, the Indian girl and her father, Quiello, decide to go to the Old City to pursue his enemy. The tribe in which they are members knows a great secret: the whereabouts of the Inca treasure that was successfully hidden from Pizarro. Illoma suspects that her lover was tortured to divulge its hiding place. On the way to the Old City her father kills a man—one of a group of beggars who set upon him, in an effort to extract the same information. Trying to bring about her father's acquit-

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "A Tale of Two Cities" (Dickens—the character is Dr. Manette). 2. "The Heart of Midlothian" (Scott—the Porteous riot). 3. "Julius Caesar," Act I, sc. i, and Act III, sc. iii (Shakespeare). 4. "The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease," "Epistles," Bk. II, 108 (Pope). 5. Acts xix. 6. "Paradise Lost," Bk. VI (Milton). 7. "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," Chaps. 21 and 22 (Mark Twain). 8. "Tam O'Shanter" (Burns). 9. "An Enemy of the People," Acts 4 and 5 (Ibsen). 10. "Coriolanus," Act I, sc. i (Shakespeare).

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tal for the murder, Illoma is forced to become the concubine of the Teniente, the brutal white official who is political *sina qua non*—governor, prosecutor, and judge—in the Old City. He refuses to secure Quiello's release until Illoma leads him to the Inca treasure. She takes him high up into the mountains, into a hidden valley. There, having made sure he will not be able to find his way out again, she shows him the Inca gold, and jumps from a cliff to her death. This should be sufficient to indicate the romantically wide-eyed afflatus distending the shape of the novel. It is to be regretted, because Mrs. Attwood demonstrates that she is quite comfortably able—while writing the first two thirds of the book—to create compelling mood and character. Only when the exigencies of an absurd denouement can no longer be postponed does successful illusion collapse under the weight of extravagant incident. —NICOLAS MONJO.

LOST SOULS IN BOSTON: Siegel Fleisher's **"The Lion and the Honeycomb"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50) derives its title from a poem by Yeats, which in another part says: "Seek out reality, leave things that seem." In his novel, for which he was awarded a Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship, Mr. Fleisher plots the courses of two lonely seekers after the sweetness inherent in reality. One of them is Ralph Taber, a young man running away from grief caused by his wife's death. The other is Mabel Barnum, the common-law wife of a small-time criminal. Their lives run parallel through most of the book, touching only occasionally, and the contrast between them serves to emphasize the simple human aspirations which both share. It also accentuates the melting-pot atmosphere of the Boston slum in which they live. Ralph loses his sense of bitter futility by developing a feeling of compassion for a dying neighbor in his rooming house. The old man (significantly named Adam) rewards Ralph by giving him a heightened insight into his personal conflicts. Taber's redemption is completed by a new love. Mabel is not so fortunate; her happiness turns to bitter ashes.

Mr. Fleisher tells these tales well, when he sticks to telling them, and he communicates a feeling of warmth for some of his characters. But it seems to this reader that he belabors his subject unduly, overlaying with surplus rhetoric what he has already made quite evident. He dilates on the themes of love and death with a literary garrulousness that tends to diffuse the strength of his novel. Echoes out of "Dubliners" float up to assail the eye and ear. Poetic interchapters, transposing the city images of Eliot, create pretentious interruptions. "The Lion and the Honeycomb" is at its best when Mr. Fleisher is directly saying what he sees and feels. At other times, the cold shadow of erudition falls between the idea and reality of Mr. Fleisher's prose.

—M. L.

TEACHERS' WORLD: **"The End of the Week"** (Macmillan, $3.50) makes the atmosphere of an American elementary school so palpable that one can almost breathe the acrid odor of chalk dust, feel the entangling coils of red tape, and smell the decay of the educational process. Teachers are gray people, Virginia Chase makes one of their number observe, ". . . squat gray or wisp gray or mole gray . . . living in a tight little world of their own . . . letting their minds slip, their spirit die . . ." Miss Chase takes a searching look at the tight little world of a microcosmic public school, and creates a kind of "Spoon River Anthology" of its inmates. Not all yield to the pervading grayness; some struggle to retain their individuality and the priceless human relationship between student and teacher (in a class of fifty pupils). But it is a three-sided battle—between the school administration which regards its wards as statistics, the teacher who tries to regard them as people, and the parent who doesn't care one way or the other.

Miss Chase captures a moment of arrested motion in the lives of thirteen teachers. Some are awaiting a shabby little party for one who is leaving, others are following their small separate destinies. In each case Miss Chase creates a believable picture of an individual's hopes, achievements, and frustrations. There is a unifying thread of suspense running through the book, and there are refreshing flashes of ironic humor. But the most abundant element in "End of the Week" is that of truth. Miss Chase has put thirteen lives on view and let them speak for themselves. There emerges not only that pathos of the gray people, but also the sad travesty of learning which public education has become in many places. —M. L.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE CONTENT ASSIGNMENT *Holly Roth* (Simon & Schuster: $2.50)	British newsman trails Yank gal-friend (big-time op.) from Berlin to mid-Manhattan—	—with stopovers at Albany, Syracuse, Utica (reason: too many Reds).	Brisk show
JOURNEY TO NOWHERE *Nedra Tyre* (Knopf: $2.75)	Jittery Va. jane (hubby twice tried to kill her) takes trip.	Long on atmosphere, short on excitement; not in the groove.	Her first still her best
THE CASE OF THE FORTY THIEVES *John Rhode* (Dodd Mead: $2.50)	Dr. Priestley once again puts Supt. Waghorn of CID on right track.	More activity than usual for this author; big theft racket.	He's done worse
LAWYERS DON'T HANG *Glenn Barns* (Arcadia: $2.50)	State crime investigator gored as committee prepares to move in; local legal lights worry.	Some stock characters, but rest ring true; attention-holding performance.	Clean-cut job
I'LL BURY MY DEAD *James Hadley Chase* (Dutton: $2.50)	Midwest promoter's brother plugged; sundry other corpses clog story.	Cast large, girly, but not many of them come alive.	Sex and confusion
ALL THAT GLITTERS *Manning Coles* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Tommy Hambledon tours Germany on trail of swiped plane plans.	Familiar mixture of international mayhem and mirth.	Peppy as ever
LOVE BADE ME WELCOME *John Lodwick* (Roy: $3)	Paris gal throttled; Sûreté and Yard collaborate to good purpose.	Covers big territory, but yarn is told with zip and humor.	Nice going
PERSONAL COLUMN *Various Authors* (Roy: $3)	True London *Times* accounts of British and Continental crime careers.	Case histories ignore police work; accent methods, jail life.	Excellent olio

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue, will be given more extended treatment in early numbers.

AIRCRAFT CARRIER. By J. Bryan, III. Ballantine Books. Clothbound, $3; paperbound, 35¢. A journal, kept by the author at the request of the Navy, recording life on the aircraft carrier *Yorktown* during three months of her existence—months that included raids to Tokyo and Okinawa, the death of FDR and Ernie Pyle, and dodging *kamikazes*.

BURMA UNDER THE JAPANESE. By Thakin Nu. Translated by J. S. Furnivall. St. Martin's Press. $3. An account, by the present Prime Minister of Burma, of that country's occupation by the Japanese during the years 1942-1945.

THE CAROLINE AFFAIR. By C. H. Gibbs-Smith. Viking Press. $2.75. A Wimpole Street psychiatrist, who is also an intelligence officer, unravels the mental illness of a young lady named Caroline, who, he finds, got cerebrally banged up when she was a resistance worker. He traces the source of her difficulty, and she is cured.

CIVIL LIBERTIES AND THE VINSON COURT. By C. Herman Pritchett. University of Chicago Press. $5. A study of the Supreme Court's handling of civil liberties cases during the years Fred M. Vinson was Chief Justice, 1946-1953. The author is a professor of political science at the University of Chicago.

A CULTURAL HISTORY OF THE MODERN AGE. By Egon Friedell. Alfred A. Knopf. Two vols., $6.75 each. Volume Two and Volume Three, which conclude the work, of a cultural history which has often been compared with Spengler's "Decline of the West." Volume Two covers the period from the Thirty Years' War to the Congress of Vienna, and Volume Three from the Congress of Vienna to the First World War.

THE DESERT IN THE HEART. By Peter Gladwin. Rinehart & Co. $3. A first novel by an Australian newspaperman now living in London about a small town in Australia, and what happens there when Fanny, a well-turned milliner, arrives on the scene.

EUROPE ON THE AISLE. By Claudia Cassidy. Random House. $3.50. Some sporadic cannonading from Miss Cassidy, who is drama critic for the *Chicago Tribune*, about a recent cultural tour she took of Europe. Included are her impressions of the various festivals, and of folk like Casals, Rossi-Lemeni, José Limon, and Charpentier, as well as places like Versailles, Fontainebleau, etc.

THE FASCINATOR. By Theodora Keogh. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.50. Here is some dark cloth about a young married woman (indolent, childish), who has a child and a husband (intellectual, fastidious), and who gets involved with a Balkan sculptor whose face has been distorted by disease—a disfiguration which somehow fascinates her. The setting is New York.

THE FINAL SECRET OF PEARL HARBOR. By Admiral Robert A. Theobald. Devin-Adair Co. $3. A tract on why Pearl Harbor was attacked when it was, written by an officer who was there December 7, 1941, and who believes that FDR deliberately provoked it to counteract national apathy.

FORMER PEOPLE. By Boris Watson. John Day Co. $3.50. A novel centered on an estate outside of Moscow, and of the various people who inhabit it, from its builders in the days of serfdom, through the early times of Bolshevism, and up to the present, and its occupation by Communist bureaucrats.

GEORGE N. PEEK AND THE FIGHT FOR FARM PARITY. By Gilbert C. Fite. University of Oklahoma Press. $4. A biography of the man who, perhaps more than any other, was responsible for the institution by the Government of farm parity. The author is a professor of history at the University of Oklahoma.

THE GLORIOUS MORNINGS. By Paul Hyde Bonner. Charles Scribner's Sons. A pleasant slipperful of stories by the author of "SPQR" and "Hotel Tallyrand," most of which are built around hunting and fishing and are set in locales as various as upstate New York, Italy, Ireland, and Scotland.

HOME BELOW HELL'S CANYON. By Grace Jordan. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3. An account of the life the author and her family have spent as sheep ranchers in Hell's Canyon in Idaho, where they went during the Depression.

HUMANITIES. By Desmond MacCarthy. Oxford University Press. $3.50. A new volume of essays from the late British critic. Included are some autobiographical pieces, two early short stories, and critical appreciations of Eliot, Chekhov, Joyce, and Ibsen.

IF YOU ARE A WOMAN. By Lee Graham. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3.50. On how women should and should not live in this time of their post-emancipation.

THE IMAGE AND THE SEARCH. By Walter Baxter. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50. Sarah Valmont is rich, Sarah Valmont is beautiful, Sarah Valmont is lusty. She finds a man who can handle all three, but he is killed in the war, and she goes to India, where, after an affair with a native, she finds peace.

MANY ARE THE TRAVELERS. By William Brown Meloney. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3.75. A chronicle set in upper New York State about a family of gentlemen farmers. Involved are a legitimate son, an illegitimate son, a murder, an oak-swept landscape, and a marriage.

MY BEST MARY. Edited by Muriel Spar and Derek Stanford. Roy Publishers. $3.50. A selection taken from the two-volume complete edition of the letters of Mary Shelley: her tragic marriage, which lasted only eight years; her relationship with Hogg, a miscarriage, Shelley's death, and her correspondence with such as the Hunts, Trelawney, Byron.

A NEW PATTERN FOR A TIRED WORLD. By Louis Bromfield. Harper & Bros. $3. The Sage of Malabar Farm, who once wrote a clutch of pretty good novels, and is now *un philosophe de terre*, sets down here his prescription for the cure of this boiled old world. It includes disarmament, withdrawal from Europe, and a general isolationism that could be termed "broad" in concept.

THE ORCHID HOUSE. By P. Shand Allfrey. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3. The setting is an island in the Caribbean where the lewlew birds whimper in the night and the moon rolls on the beach. The story concerns the return of three English girls to their homestead there (where their father lives as a dope addict) and of their various reactions. It is told by an old family retainer, a native woman.

PLANTS INDOORS. By Mary Noble and J. K. Merkel. D. Van Nostrand Co. $6.95. A complete primer, with many photographs, some in color, for indoor greenthumbs, including information on everything from bromeliads to African violets.

THE REVOLT OF THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN. By Edmund Bergler. A. A. Wyn. $3.95. A psychoanalytic look at that queer race of people known as the Babbits, how they act, why, who they are, with some case histories included as illustrative material. For the specialist and the layman.

RUM JUNGLE. By Alan Moorehead. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50. Nine pieces from one of the very best reporters anywhere. Many have run in *The New Yorker*, and tell of such things as the Great Barrier Reef, Australian wildlife, the Rum Jungle in the Northern Territory, a trek across that vast continent, and a visit to Sarawak, in Borneo.

SAMUEL BUTLER. By Philip Henderson. Indiana University Press. $3.75. A new biography of the Victorian novelist, including much new and previously unpublished material.

SYMBOLIC WOUNDS: Puberty Rites and the Envious Male. By Bruno Bettelheim. The Free Press. $4.75. A study of the puberty initiation rites among preliterate people, and of their symbolic meanings, both then and now.

SYNDICATE CITY. By Alson J. Smith. Henry Regnery Co. $4.50. A history of organized crime in Chicago, from 1670 to the present, and some suggestions as to what to do about it. —W. B.

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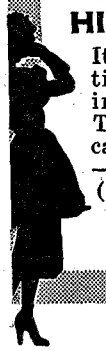

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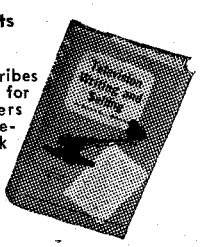

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The World

Continued from page 15

"generous and humanitarian" and its short-lived rebellion against the Bolsheviks in 1921, according to Steinberg, "affirmed the basic trait of the Russian Revolution: its humanitarian, universal, and maximalist character."

Such opinions, if voiced by a young revolutionary in 1917-1918, may be excused on the ground of the exuberance and the incurable parochialism of the Russian revolutionary movement; it is truly astounding that they should be solemnly proclaimed this year in New York by a man of Steinberg's experience.

Red Black Gold

"Oil in the Soviet Union," by Heinrich Hassmann *(translated by Alfred M. Leeston. Princeton University Press. 173 pp. $3.75), is an historical account of oil production in USSR and an analysis of its potentialities. Our reviewer, Douglas A. Greig, is a member of the producing department of the Standard Oil Company (N. J.).*

By Douglas A. Greig

IT IS ALWAYS refreshing to come across a book that fills a void in one's knowledge of a particular subject. Many of us, whether we be students of history, politics, economics, or simply crystal-gazers into the future, have long felt the need for a book on the petroleum industry of Russia. Such a book has now appeared at last, in short and very readable form: "Oil in the Soviet Union," by Heinrich Hassmann.

In his foreword, the eminent geologist, E. DeGolyer, states that, although the data have been gathered from almost every available source, the book doubtless contains many errors. Be this as it may, the facts, figures, and estimates as given by the author seem to be reasonably accurate, with one possible exception. This is in connection with the last years of World War II when the Russian production figures seem to be a little to the high side of reality.

Since the manuscript was completed in 1951, and frequent mention is made of Stalin's vigorous leadership, the reader may feel that the subject matter is already out of date. Fortunately, the able translator, Alfred M. Leeston, has added appendices and footnotes which continue the story up to as recently as October 1952.

The way in which the subject matter has been handled makes for fascinating reading, both by layman and expert. The first chapter paints the background of the stage upon which the oil industry is surveyed in the second chapter. Thus the book opens with a brief description of Russian history with its four epochs, the impact of the October Revolution and the present Soviet Constitution and division into its sixteen Socialist Republics.

Chapter II gives a most interesting account of the development of the capitalistic oil industry under the Czars, and shows that its faltering progress was due mainly to legislative handicaps. Then follows a clear description of the Sovietization of the oil industry into its present "trusts" and "groups." Exploration, drilling, and production techniques are fairly adequately handled, and mention is made of refinery locations and thruputs. The important subject of transportation comes in for review, as also does an analysis of consumption demands by agriculture, the home market, and the armed forces. But in this chapter the author creates the impression that the Soviet are more efficient operators than is generally believed to be the case.

The various oil-producing regions are treated in Chapter III. These descriptions are accurate, except for the omission of the several important oil fields in Central Asia (Siberia). Here again the translator comes to the rescue in an appendix. This chapter would have been greatly improved had the set of detailed maps actually shown the oil fields. Unfortunately, such maps are almost certainly not available.

The last chapter gives the most food for thought, for in it the author discusses many of the important questions that the democratic world is asking today, Can Russia increase its oil production so as to meet all demands? Is the Soviet system an obstacle? Do the Russians have the personnel and the "know-how"? Have they enough steel? To what extent are synthetics helping? And so on. The author's answers to these points deserve the reader's serious consideration. Many, however, will not want to overlook his polite reference to "imports from the satellite countries," and would prefer to refer to these as unparalleled economic exploitation instead.

To those whose business it is to keep track of the economics and war potentials of foreign lands, "Oil in the Soviet Union" is indispensable. I know of no book quite like it.

—Ewing Galloway.

The Baku oilfields in Azerbaijan—"faltering progress."

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The Press and the Common Man

Continued from page 10

that a paper should be owned by one family, that it should be a messenger of news to the merchant class and a guide to the good life for everybody else. It sounds like a smug conception of public service but the evidence cannot be denied that the best in English journalism to this day is a by-product of this tradition of individualism, which now seems certain to die.

It was a tradition developed in the latter half of the nineteenth century for some simple and realistic reasons. Not until the 1860's did Parliament finally abolish the heavy load of taxes that hampered any regular effort to report the news domestic and foreign: a stamp tax, a tax on paper, a tax on the right to print news from London, to report the doings of the House of Commons. The first big threat to the local monopoly, and the personal quality, of these papers was the roaring success of the news agencies. Julius Reuter, who had started with pigeons, was soon laying cables. It took money to organize these overseas services, it took money to subscribe to them, but by the 1880's the rewards were apparent in a daily display of seeming omniscience from all the capitals of Europe. The independent papers did not want to print what other papers could buy. Their pride was in their special correspondents. But they could not, and still cannot, afford to start up bureaus in all the places that Mr. Reuter had a man on tap. The news agency paved the way for a novel and shattering view of a newspaper, not as a public service but as a profitable industry. It needed only the discovery of wood-pulp, around the turn of the century, to make the independent rag paper a struggling anachronism.

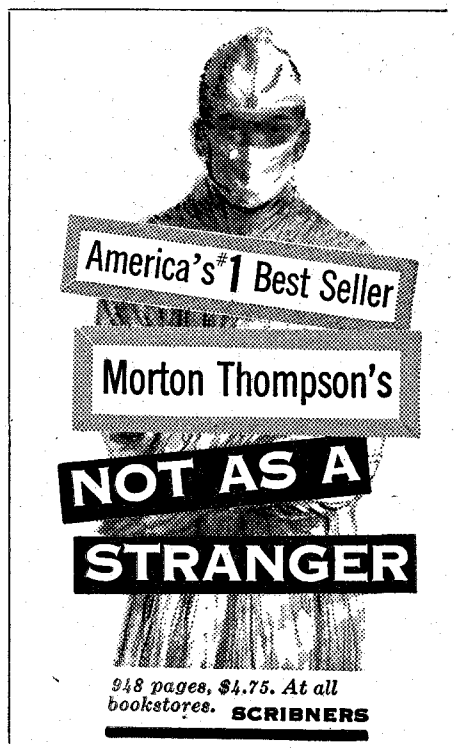
THE proper formula had now been isolated: Lord Northcliffe + wood-pulp = a mass-circulation paper. The year after the discovery of wood-pulp the first daily penny paper in England trebled its circulation. In 1904 the *Daily Mail* sold one million copies a day. Local papers were absorbed into chains or succumbed like flies in December. "Absorption, amalgamations, and alliances": to Lord Northcliffe this was the obvious law of survival. "Combination," he said in 1913, "has been the chief characteristic of industry all over the world and the press could not remain outside this tendency."

Pondering all this in the much-celebrated autumn of his life, C. P. Scott might have been content to picture himself as the last of a noble line of martyrs. Instead, on the hundredth anniversary of the *Guardian* in 1921, when he himself was seventy-five, he wrote: "A newspaper has two sides to it. It is a business, like any other, and has to pay in the material sense in order to live. But it is much more than a business; it is an institution; it reflects and it influences the life of a whole community; it may affect even wider destinies. It is, in its way, an instrument of government . . . a newspaper is of necessity something of a monopoly, but its first duty is to shun the temptations of monopoly." He had long ago felt the chill of the east wind. He saved money at every turn. He bicycled to work and brought his lunch in a paper bag. (This was simply North-of-England thrift, but it was a useful ally.) Although he was the paper's sole proprietor, he took no profits and assigned himself a fixed annual salary which could conceivably keep our own press lords in one chauffeur. He built up the reserves of the paper and purchased the *Manchester Evening News*, a popular evening paper, as a bulwark against hard times. And so it has been ever since. He then divested himself and his family of all financial interest in the paper. When he died his son legalized this asceticism and set up a trust, which assures that no one can take any dividends from the paper and that every penny of profit is ploughed back into its operation.

I have written at length about the *Guardian* simply because it is the paper I know best, because it does not pretend to compete with the mass-circulation paper, and because it resolved in an interesting way the conflict between public service and the need to survive. The more serious American papers also have to try and protect themselves against successful "amalgamations and alliances." Sometimes they can claim a benefit from American geography. Whereas every native of Manchester, Sheffield, and Glasgow can have any or all of the big London dailies on his doorstep every morning, the citizens of Louisville and Salt Lake City are more dependent for their general news on the local paper. And where in such cities one paper is well established, there is less need to fear the competition of the *New York Daily News* or the *Chicago Tribune*. Even so, the American publisher, in any city, can hardly afford Scott's luxury of maintaining the quality and independence of his paper in the knowledge that his circulation is the lowest of three local papers. Circulation has been a nagging spur to all American papers, and the circulation war was an American phenomenon sixty years before the popular London dailies began to fight each other for the readership of every English town and hamlet.

The American nineteenth-century story has some fascinating strains of its own, and I can only list them here. The first daily newspaper in the United States had more advertising than news. The "leg-man," a sleuth still almost unknown in English newspapers, was born full grown in the ingenious person of Henry Ingram Blake, who used to sail down the harbor and pick up the European dispatches from incoming ships and beat his competitors by half a day. The *Baltimore Sun* established a pony express. Even by the mid-nineteenth century the *big* newspaper was the normal thing, which may reflect less the American appetite for news than the alertness of advertisers in getting in on the ground floor. As early as the 1840's there was a running fight between the developing tabloids and the big respectable papers. The serious papers called their competitors "the penny trash" and the "penny trash" referred back to our "bed-quilt contemporaries." There is also in the American experience the important conception of the newspaper proprietor as a crusader.

BUT in spite of all these instructive differences the plight of the independent paper, whether metropolitan or rural, is today much the same in



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both countries. In both countries there are fewer newspapers than there used to be (in 1909 there were 2,600 in the United States, today there are about 1,700) and there is less and less variety, or recognizably local comment, in the newspapers that exist. Probably not more than one American in, say, seventy or eighty has much of a choice in his own town of buying two sides of the news. This starving-out of local opinion is often explained away by saying that it is much easier now for a local paper to buy a great variety of comment from the syndicates, and that the exchange is a good bargain. But it seems to me, in traveling across the country, that the press becomes less and less of an index to regional character and that what takes its place is an artificial debate, packaged in New York, which has the effect of obliterating or discouraging independent thinking. Good or bad, what the columnists provide is a wild variety of unproved assertion, which could be something quite different from freedom of the press.

These are familiar lamentations, but they are nonetheless real. We gasp with pity at the thought of the worker in Minsk, the farmer in the Ukraine, both reading the same editorial, mimeographed by *Pravda* in Moscow for the instruction of European and Mongoloid Russians alike. Yet in our own country we seem to be approaching the day when the steelworker in Gary, Indiana, and the date-farmer in Indio, California, will buy their local paper and get their foreign news from the same agency man in Berlin or Washington, and read the same columns written by the same men in New York or Washington. If you go down to Times Square, or that block-long newsstand off Hollywood Boulevard, you can, on an investment of about $3.00 in fifty-odd American newspapers, discover that the day is nearly here.

I fear, myself, that there is at least one generation of Americans growing up that not only does not have much respect for diversity of opinion but doesn't know what it is. It is only a step to believing that what is strange or unreported by fifty newspapers is somehow mischievous or "un-American." Once every man reads the same things as his neighbor, and thinks the same thoughts, the common man is here with a vengeance: that is to say, the mass bigot. I believe the British are not so far along this road as the Americans, but only because the big newspaper monopolies must in a tiny country do battle in all the same places. The British, too, are still preserved from

—*Burck, in the* Chicago Sun-Times.

"What do you read?"

conformity by the tenacity of such old habits as a tolerance for eccentrics and a mania for privacy.

I would say that because of this shrinking choice and because of the entailed indifference to the virtue of diversity American newspapers are unrepresentative of the whole community and are becoming even more so. If I seem to be harping away at the value of variety, tolerance, and diversity it is because, maybe, I suffer from the prejudice of other immigrants that the best qualities of America are rooted in these values. If they are to last they should certainly be independent of class, income, region, or faith, and any community that denies them is paying a high price for peace and comfort.

WHAT is the answer? I frankly don't know, but not enough people will want to seek it until more people feel moved to ask the question. It is an obviously unhealthy thing, and I should have thought very "un-American," to have so many cities where there is only one newspaper, of a pronounced political bent, or where the morning and evening newspaper are owned by the same company. Is it too much to suggest that the Sherman Act might have a wide field of application here? Of course, no amount of reforming legislation can cure the newspaper publisher of his minimum responsibilities in a technological age: the pressing competition of radio and television; the need for a highly efficient modern plant; a dependable pool of advertising revenue; the inescapable fact that he must employ a crew of union labor that is organized on the tacit understanding that he is not on their side; his vested interest in low tax rates. He must often feel that the "common man" is a faceless army organized against him; and that they would be the last people to welcome the competition of another paper—a choice of conclusions.

Yet, unless the newspaper is to become merely another more or less profitable business, it cannot ignore Scott's dictum: "It is in its way, though it tries not to be so, an instrument of government. It plays on the minds and consciences of men. It may educate, stimulate, assist, amuse, or it may do the opposite. It has, therefore, a moral as well as a material existence, and its character and influence are in the main determined by the balance of these two forces." A common man who is unaware of this balance, and is indifferent to striking it, is something very common indeed. (I am thinking of the publisher, not his readers. In fact, it seems to me that it is the publisher who has gotten way beyond himself and exceeded his proper function by becoming the head and dictator of the newspaper hierarchy. It is the editor who should be the brains and conscience of the paper. The intrusion of the publisher on editorial policy, wherever it occurs, produces an imbalance of Scott's "two forces" which deranges the proper function of a newspaper and makes it primarily a business or an annex of partisan political power.)

If our newspapers can remain diverse enough, and cherish even a cantankerous variety of opinion based on the same facts, then there is a good chance that we shall have the freedom to get up off our knees in the year 2000 and feel that our enforced devotion to the century of the common man has not been, after all, a blind surrender of human individuality to the lowest common denominator. In my opinion we are, however, beginning to succumb to this religion and will leave ourselves perilously open to the man or government that could exploit it, if newspapers—as an example—are forced to sacrifice to such secondary and ruinous aims as building a lucrative business, or purchasing a local pulpit, their first purpose: which is the unhampered dissemination of any news a reporter can smell out, and the printing of the widest variety of views about it.

Whether the twentieth-century newspaper is to be big or little, tabloid or telefax, its intelligence, curiosity, and integrity will be no better than the education of the people who write it and read it. The mold of the common man's newspaper will be cast in the public schools. A thought that should give tremendous pause.

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A Golfer . . .

Continued from page 11

tor? For if this is the case the defendant's argument must fail. The prosecution says that the word "degree" is used in the sense of "rank." Mr. Haddock argues that it is used in the sense of a university examination, and that, like the examiners, the Legislature divides the human race, for the purposes of swearing, into three vague intellectual or moral categories, of which they give certain rough but not infallible examples. Many a first-class man has "taken a third," and many a day laborer, according to Mr. Haddock, is of so high a character that under the Act he should rightly be included in the first "degree."

THERE is certainly abundant judicial and literary authority for the view that by "gentleman" we mean a personal quality and not a social status. We have all heard of "Nature's gentlemen." "Clothes do not make the gentleman," said Lord Mildew in *Cook v. The Mersey Docks and Harbour Board* (1896) 2 A. C., meaning that a true gentleman might be clad in the foul rags of an author. In the old maxim "Manners makyth man" (see *Charles v. The Great Western Railways*) there is no doubt that by "man" is meant "gentleman," and that "manners" is contrasted with wealth or station. Mr. Thomas, for the prosecution, has quoted against these authorities an observation of the poet Shakespeare that "The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman," but quotations from Shakespeare (in Court) are generally meaningless and always unsound. This one, in my judgment, is both. I am more impressed by the saying of another author (whose name I forget) that the King can make a nobleman, but he cannot make a gentleman.

I am satisfied therefore that the argument of the defendant has substance. Provocation was so exceptional that I cannot think that it was contemplated by the framers of the Act; and had golf at that date been a popular exercise I have no doubt that it would have been dealt with under a special section. I find therefore that this case is not governed by the Act. I find that the defendant at the time was not in law responsible for his actions or his speech and I am unable to punish him in any way. For his conduct in the Chasm he should perhaps be formally convicted of Attempted Suicide while Temporarily Insane, but he leaves the court without a stain upon his character. (*Applause*)

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(*Continued on page 58*)

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(Continued from page 57)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1042

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By Doris Nash Wortman

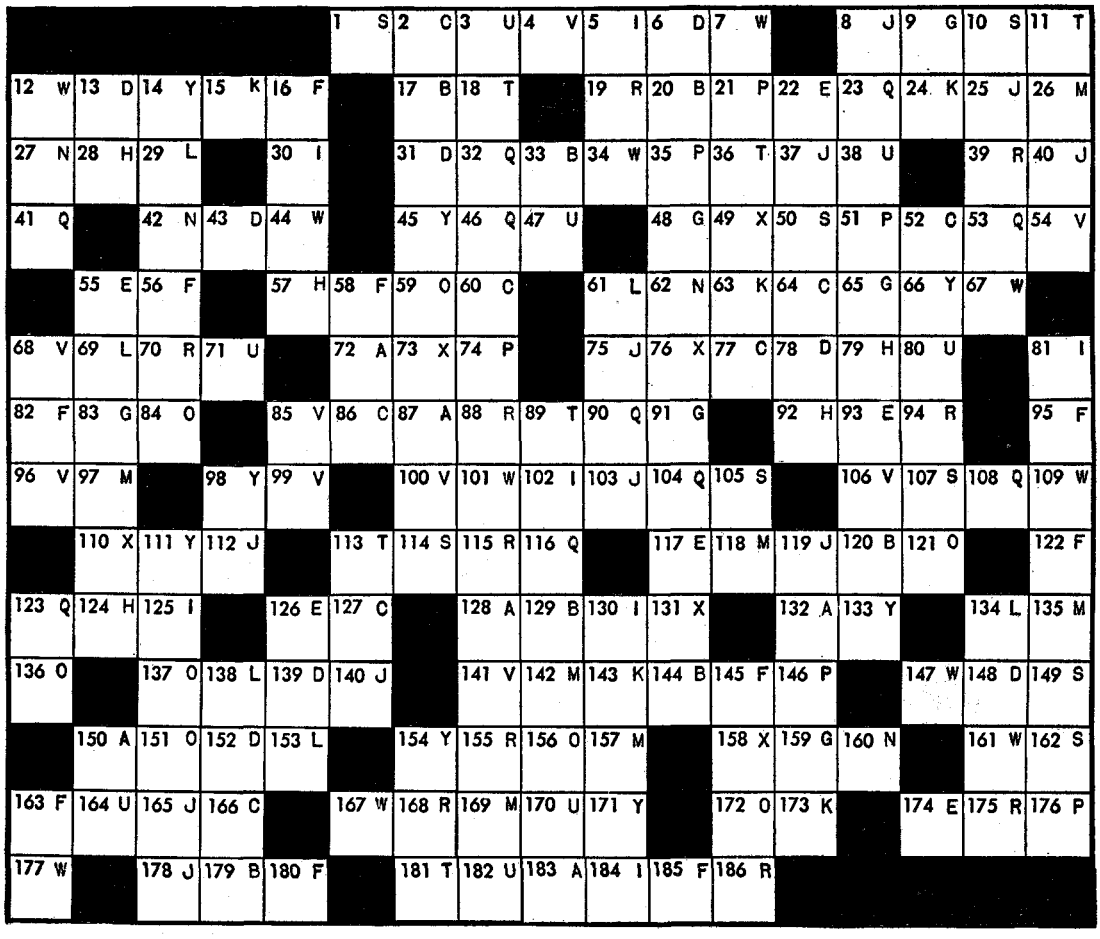
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Vigorous growth, as of a plant; husbandry.	150 132 87 183 72 128
B. One of the leaders of the Hitler regime who committed suicide after being captured.	144 129 33 17 179 120 20
C. From sunset on.	166 77 60 64 127 2 52 86
D. Want of appetite, without a loathing of food.	6 148 43 31 152 13 78 139
E. Agreement, concord.	93 117 126 174 55 22
F. Pair (4 wds.).	145 95 58 185 56 163 122 82 16 180
G. Unapproachable (colloq.).	9 83 48 65 91 159
H. Professor of sociology, Univ. of Chicago, 1939, who was head of a European gov't in exile.	92 124 79 28 57
I. Inimical, esp. malevolent, feeling (2 wds.).	5 130 102 125 30 184 81
J. Woolen, olive-drab headgear of the U.S. Army abroad. (2 wds.).	178 119 103 140 112 37 25 75 165 40 8
K. French for a clumsy mistake.	143 63 24 173 15
L. Conquers again.	29 138 134 69 153 61

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Rhetorical term for genteel irony.	135 97 26 118 142 169 157
N. Exclamation of disgust, weariness, etc.	62 27 160 42
O. Excitatory autacoids.	151 172 121 59 156 137 84 136
P. Colloq. for grumble, whimper.	146 21 35 176 51 74
Q. Munificent.	53 90 32 123 46 108 104 23 116 41
R. Proceeding straight on.	115 175 155 70 88 186 168 19 39 94
S. Kept from action.	1 114 105 162 107 50 10 149
T. Ordinances in U.S. municipal corporations.	36 18 11 89 113 181
U. Novel which won 1939 Pulitzer Prize (with "The").	71 47 182 38 3 170 164 80
V. Emanation from a spiritualistic medium which can move objects, etc.	141 68 106 99 85 4 96 100 54
W. Feat.	147 161 67 101 177 167 34 7 12 44 109
X. Nuptial.	158 110 73 49 76 131
Y. Most difficult.	66 171 111 14 154 133 98 45

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 45 of this issue.

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